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BOSTON
T. WILEY JR.



P O E M S

BY

A. K. ARCHIBALD.

"

"NOR Fame I court, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all;—
And if the boon must cost so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice—
Then, teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my soul that hateful lust of praise.
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown—
O, grant me honest fame! or grant me none."

POPE.

B O S T O N :
THOMAS WILEY, JR., 20 STATE STREET.
1848.

953
A 673

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

WHITE & POTTER, Printers,
Spring Lane, Boston.

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MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

CANTO I.

I.

WITH deep'ning shades, night's solemn noon had
spread
Its sable curtain o'er a sleeping world ;
Dense, sullen clouds were hovering over head,
And Night, as queen, her banners all unfurled :
Not even a breeze the sleeping waters curled,
For every sound lay hushed in Nature's sleep,
Save the far distant cataract, which hurled
Its liquid floods o'er the untrodden steep,
And with low, sullen sounds unceasing seemed to
weep.

II.

Yet, even this mysterious death-like hour
Has charms for those who catch the Muse's fire—
Who love to stroll by her sequestered bower,
And quaff delights fresh from her magic lyre ;
Thus Alwin strolled, nor hastened to retire,
Bound by that spell unconscious where he strayed,
Each scene could please (did but the muse in-
spire,)
And sullen midnight softest charms displayed,
Whilst meditation cast her halo round his head.

III.

Thus passed the hour—when, far amid the gloom,
A glowing lamp struck full upon his eye ;
At first, he deemed some spirit o'er the tomb
Walked, unrevenged, perchance a murderer nigh ;
Anxious the cause to learn, nor knew he why,
He hastened forward, though with cautious tread,
When lo ! amid the gloom, and rising high
A stately pile, with sign-post coyly spread,
From whose high-lifted sash discordant voices sped.

IV.

Now, through the window, he could well discern
The busy landlord, happily employed,
Each emptied cup replenishing in turn.
The merry group confusion's sweets enjoyed ;
Corroding care no more their breasts annoyed ;
But, hushed beneath the Bacchanalian spell,
Each thought of home and tenderness destroyed.
Here love and fond affection never dwell—
The drunkard's midnight song proclaims their funeral
knell.

V.

Fast fly the hours, and fast the glass goes round ;
Aloud is heard the scandal and the jest ;
And laughter, too, with hoarse discordant sound,
At jokes half told, (for they can guess the rest ;)
The kind landlady, too, at their request,
Sips from the glass a double end to serve ;
Again she tastes, and why, because she's pressed,
And would not seem too haughty, or reserve,
But with a willing mind lends mirth a willing nerve.

VI.

And now the Bacchanalian songs resound
With grating chorus, lower some, some higher,
While happiness complete spreads all around—
At least, they deem it so, nor more require ;
The landlord stirs the just replenished fire,
And talks of war, of politics, and then
Avers their comfort is their first desire ;
The dupes believe it even so, for when
The can is emptied next, he fills it up again.

VII.

Thus passed the night—no sorrow, no remorse ;
Each hour chimed sweetly as “ a marriage bell,”
'Till a dispute arose, about a horse,
Which not the landlord's eloquence could quell ;
To check the gathering tempest, ere it fell,
He and his spouse combined—but all in vain ;
'T was now no time for parley ; just as well
Might they have striven to stay the storm-chased
main,
Remand its billows back, and calm its face again.

VIII.

Loud grew, and louder still, the dire cabal,
Commixed with oaths unfitting to be told—
Oaths, quite unworthy beings rational,
From their unholy lips profusely rolled ;
And yet the feud increased, and did unfold
A wretched picture of depravity,
Scarcely surpassed by Circe's den of old,
Where wizards piped to midnight revelry,
Still boasting o'er their feats of magic chivalry.

IX

Next the red fight commenced, and then the host
And hostess, each to each, their fears revealed ;
And since all hope to quell the feud was lost,
'T was deemed expedient they should quit the
field,
'Till either party, vanquished, should yield,
Restoring peace and concord, as before ;
Confusion now rode foremost, while some reeled,
Some staggering, fell half senseless on the floor,
O'er their quietus mused, though rudely trampled o'er.

X.

Bottles and glasses next to ruin rushed—
Unheeded now, their fragments lay around ;
A window, too, from its environs pushed,
Jingled to discord yet another sound.
Meanwhile, the landlord better courage found,
And rushed into the room, with furious mien,
Demanding order, in a voice profound,
Deep-toned and terrible—stilling the scene ;
Each well-tired warrior pleased to find him intervene.

XI.

'T is true, some imprecations vile were uttered,
When the replenished lamp again shone bright ;
Keen curses, too, and some foul threats were
muttered
To find their garments in such tattered plight ;
Could each his face have seen, methinks the sight
Would have renewed the strife itself alone,
And urged the parties on to second fight ;
This they could not, and as the gay lamp shone,
Each deemed his neighbor's face far bloodier than
his own.

XII.

'The landlord, now, demanding mute attention,
In milder voice to them this counsel vends ;—
Since Reason triumphs o'er its late suspension,
At my expense you now must drink, good friends ;
But recollect—that here your quarrel ends,
Whose odium falls on me, though undeserved—
You know the credit of my house depends
On order, and decorum, well observed—
Then let oblivion's blank be o'er it firmly nerved.

XIII.

'Tis true, 't was but a *trifle*, but you know
These temperance votaries loudly will disclaim
Even at such *trifles*—nay, they oft bestow
Great pains, to cause us landlords grief and shame ;
Yes, happen here what will, at once the blame
Devolves on me, as 't was the other day.
Such blinded zealots shock all honest fame,
And lead deluded thousands far astray—
But come, my friends, we'll drink and chase all
care away.

XIV.

The spirit, fair, of Temperance passing by,
Lingered a moment and the scene surveyed ;
And as she gazed, her tender beaming eye
Distilled soft drops, fast gliding to the shade—
In a pure robe of sympathy arrayed,
With heart to envy and ill-will unknown,
She raised her hands and sighed—perhaps she
prayed,
And scarcely did suppress the rising groan,
While she invoked a power superior to her own.

XV.

Nor did these midnight revelers once pause,
Or, for one moment, dream that other eyes
Gazed tearfully, and sought to plead their cause—
That other ears, with horror and surprise,
Listened each swelling oath, and marked its rise,
'Mid fears which love and pity, joined, impart ;
As flies the sere autumnal leaf, so flies
Reflection from the drunkard's callous heart,
Leaving a leafless branch exposed to every dart.

XVI.

Again loud mirth resounded o'er the glade,
Hoarse as the voice of some high-swollen stream ;
And how could he, who woo'd the silent shade,
Catch pleasure from such scenes of wild extreme ?
This the broad road to ruin he did deem,
And sternly chid his too protracted stay ;
Then strove to banish, like a passing dream,
The hateful scene—nor would his thoughts obey,
While musing, and alone, he homeward bent his way.

CANTO II.

I.

HUSH! heard you not a sigh? deep drawn it
seemed,
As if the aching heart which gave it birth
Was overwhelmed with woe; can it be deemed
Intrusion, o'er this weeping child of earth
To sympathize? perchance, intrinsic worth,
By sorrow stung, pours forth the silent tear:
Perchance, the circle round this cottage hearth
Is broken, and the pang is too severe
For female tenderness—perchance, no friend to
cheer.

II.

But hush ! again, upon the night wind's wing,
Bursts the deep sigh, with sad and plaintive swell ;
Slowly it sweeps my bosom's tenderest string,
And on mine ear falls like a passing knell ;
And now, against its casement gently fell
The creaking cottage door, and all was still,
When through the pane, (need Alwin blush to tell,)
When heavenly sympathy pure bosoms fill,—
Be hushed ye vulgar throng, nor taint the hallowed
thrill.

III.

See, the fresh fagot lights the naked walls,
Whose interstices half admit the storm,—
Such as romance has told of ruined halls
Where injured ghosts nocturnal rounds perform,—
Pensively musing, sat a female form ;
The starting tear was gathering in her eye,
Where youth and love once held a station warm,
Now dimmed, alas, by ghastly poverty,
Its kindling lustre fled, o'erwhelmed with misery.

IV.

Her children now forgetting all their cares,
Lay wrapt in sleep's oblivious embrace ;
One only waked to blend its infant tears
With those that glided o'er the mother's face ;
A holy calm presided o'er the place
When the poor boy, upon his bended knee,
With lifted hands, implored Heaven's richest grace
To rescue from impending misery—
To shield their lonely cot, and from destruction
free.

V.

At length sleep closed her curtain o'er his head,
Which on his mother's knee in peace reclined ;
The fast expiring embers dimly shed
Their flickering shadows o'er the wall behind,
But deeper shades were flitting o'er her mind—
Some dire presage had filled her breast with fear ;
The scene was loneliness with grief combined.
Alwin, attentive, leaned himself to hear,
When this soliloquy fell on his listening ear :

VI.

“ How dark and lonely is this midnight hour,
When Sol retires behind the dusky pole,
For all but me sleep spreads a fragrant bower—
O'er all but me her halcyon sweets may roll ;
But whence this sad presentiment to my soul ?
What new calamity is pending there ?
Ye gracious powers ! my rising fears control,
And stay the torrent gendering despair,
Accumulating woes give fortitude to bear.

VII.

“ But say, propitious Power, oh ! where is he
Who vowed so oft to soothe my every woe—
To charm my sorrows, and to share with me
Each precious gift kind Heaven might bestow ?
Ah, tell me not—too well, alas ! I know
The place of his resort—that hateful place
Where fell destruction lurks with bended bow—
Where drunkards revel midst their own disgrace,
And foulest demons laugh o'er man's degenerate
race.

VIII.

“ There was a time when harmony and love
Shed their soft halo round our cheerful hearth ;
Those heavenly charms descending from above,
Our cottage seemed a paradise on earth.
There was a time when innocence and mirth
Chased the big gloom from winter’s sullen eve,
And all was sweet—as when at Nature’s birth
The happy pair knew nought for which to grieve,
Ere that thrice envious fiend was suffered to deceive.

IX.

“ But oh, how changed ! now, famine’s chilling
damp
Is gathering fast around this wearied brow,
While nought remains to cheer—not e’en a lamp
To dissipate the gloom around me now.
O, Edward ! call to mind that broken vow
Which promised ne’er to leave me thus again ;
Heaven will be kind if mortals but allow—
Heaven loves to soothe each agonizing pain ;
Come, Edward, come, my love, nor will I more
complain.

X.

“ But vain that call, for still he disregards
Those fond entreaties I’ve so often made ;
Full well I know intemperance retards
Each virtuous thought, and sinks it to the shade ;
Nought but the hand of heaven, in might arrayed,
Can chase him from the vile, bewitching bowl,
Back to that virtuous path from whence he strayed,
And bid content again around me roll—
My sinking hopes revive, and all those fears control.

XI.

“ Sleep on, sweet babes, thou nurslings of the storm,
Perchance, on you may dawn some happier day,
When no dark cloud shall linger to deform,
Nor stern misfortune chase those joys away ;
That season yet may come, O, that it may,
And Heaven’s propitious smile upon you fall ;
But I must never catch one cheering ray
While Edward haunts the drunkard’s loathsome
hall,
Destroys each thought of Heaven, and wastes his
earthly all.”

XII.

Who could have listened longer to the tale,
And yet the sympathizing tear repel?
As well might Alwin strive to check the gale,
Or stay the ocean's wild tempestuous swell;
Yet, sorrow so severe, he knew full well
Where hope, extinct, had left a frowning shade,
No power on earth, no eloquence could quell.
He hastened onward, o'er the deep'ning glade,
Where silence flapped her wing, and all her sweets
displayed.

CANTO III.

I.

ON towering pinions, hastening aloft,
The joyous lark salutes the roscid morn ;
Her quivering notes, so plaintive, wild and soft,
She carols o'er the bending fields of corn,
From russet, dingle, dell, and dewy thorn,
A thousand notes in sweetest concert blend ;
While all the rainbow's lovely tints adorn
The radiant East—unnumbered charms attend,
For night's bewildering shades in deepest caves are
penned.

II.

Now the benighted traveller finds his way,
The tangled copse no more his wishes bound ;
High swells his matin to the God of day,
Mingling, responsive, to the songs around,
Retiring echo's hollow mystic sound
In cadence sweet the grateful notes prolong ;
Old ocean hears, and from the depths profound
Heaves his broad swell, responsive to the throng ;
And nature's every voice harmonious swells the song.

III.

Who is the man, at such an hour serene,
Who can devotion's rising wing restrain ?
Who disregards the splendid, dazzling scene,
Hears nature's mellowing hymn, nor heeds the
 strain ?
But who is this comes sweeping o'er the plain
With vizage wild, betokening anxious haste ?
Alwin accosts him—" Tell me, gentle swain,
What mars thy peace, when morn, so pure, so
 chaste,
Enlivens all the scene, and cheers the wildest waste ?"

IV.

“ Sad news, alas !” the bending youth replied,
“ Enough to shade the glowing charms around,
For where yon wild-grove skirts the highway
side,
A ghastly corse lies stretched upon the ground !
And as I passed, I marked a bloody wound
Deep in his forehead bare—his face I knew,
And to his widow bear the unwelcome sound
Of death ! her anguish even now I view—
But wait beside the corse ’till I return to you.”

V.

Soon Alwin stands and views the lowly corse—
Some laborers, too, thither had chanced to stray,
And all agreed, that falling from a horse
Had thus reduced the man to lifeless clay ;
And one averred, that at the dawn of day
He heard him pass, riding at furious speed,
Singing aloud ; one said, he came that way,
Seeking his master’s *stolen* favorite steed,
And this the humble thief ’twas soon by all agreed.

VI.

Too true the charge ; alas ! 't was even so !
Firm in his grasp was found the stolen whip ;
And Alwin recognized, (though lying low,)
The man who, yesternight, could sit and sip
The inebriating draught, while on his lip
Trembled the oath, for utterance too great ;
And when compelled, reluctant seemed to slip
From his unhallowed mouth ! how changed his
state !

Those lips forever hushed, sealed by the stamp of
Fate.

VII.

Now Alwin gazed, in sorrow and dismay,
On him who yesternight was glee so rare,
Now lying low, a lifeless lump of clay ;
His naked spirit fled, but where—O, where ?
'To realms of day ? Ah, no, no place is there
For drunkards vile ; thither they cannot fly !
Down to the regions, then, of black despair !
Or, did some delegate speed from on high,
Pursue the sinking soul, and waft it to the sky ?

VIII.

But deeper sorrow filled each swelling breast,
When lo ! the widow, hastening o'er the lee,
By all the agony of grief oppressed,
Crying aloud, " O, tell me, where is he ?"
Two wretched nurslings, at each trembling knee,
Wept, that their mother wept, unconscious why,
And caught her shriek his gaping wound to see !
Stern were his nerves, who would with tearless eye,
Gaze on that touching scene, nor breathe one pitying
sigh.

IX.

Sad is the sound, when the dark tempest hurls
From its firm base the pile just now so great :
Sad is the sound, when the fierce foe unfurls
Victorious banners o'er the conquered state :
When, yielding to the thunderbolts of fate,
The victims of disease around us fall ;
Sad is the sound their passing bells create :
Those echoing peals, heart-chilling fears recall,
When each revolving day shows the broad funeral pall.

X.

But neither the tornado's chilling roar,
Bursting at midnight with appalling swell,
Nor the rude foe upon the conquered shore,
Hoisting his banner, 'mid war's furious yell,
Nor yet the oft repeated funeral knell,
Can waken pangs so touching to the heart
As sound of female woe ! No tongue can tell,
Nor language paint, the sympathizing smart
When lovely woman weeps—stung by so keen a
 dart.

XI.

Hail ! Temperance, hail ! fair daughter of the
 skies ;
Thy influence benign has chased away
From our abode those chilling scenes : as flies
The mists of darkness, when the orb of day
Ascends his golden car, so hastes away
The frightened tyrant and his hateful train.
Fair spirit rise, and with more potent ray
Thy pristine influence o'er our race regain ;
That nations yet unborn may hail thy joyous reign.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

I.

THE air was moved with sorrow ; and dismay
Spread like enchantment o'er the camp of Saul :
The stoutest hearts, to foul despair a prey,
Bade the contagion dire envelop all :
Philistia's chief spread awe ; as when some bold
Ferocious lion scales the peaceful roof
Where dwelt secure the tenants of the fold :
Unable to resist they stand aloof.

II.

Thus forty days elapsed, and at each eve,
And morn, their huge opponent, with menacing
Front, seemed more terrific ! at length, to leave
The tented field, their homeward steps retracing,

They all agreed, and to Philistia's lords
To yield, and the demanded tribute pay :
All night they held debate, and sheathed their
 swords
Just as the cock proclaimed the approaching day.

III.

On Bethlehem's shady vale, the loved retreat
Of Piety and Peace, that morning's gleam
Arose not unobserved. Anxious to greet
The earliest tidings, down the sacred stream
Old Jesse strayed ; the morning dews fell soft
Upon his silvery head, and oft a sigh
Escaped, while bending o'er his staff, and oft
He breathed a prayer to HIM who reigns on high.

IV.

Fatigued, at length, the reverend sage returned,
Resolved to send his son, a ruddy youth,
And learn how Israel fared ; his bosom burned
With zeal to see the war, and learn the truth,
When thus his aged sire, " Haste now, my son,
And bear this present to the king, and greet
Thy brethren three ; learn what has yet been done :
If from yon giant huge they still retreat."

V.

With less alacrity, the exile just
Released, again revisits home, where all
His loves concentrate, than did this youth haste
T' obey the mandate of his sire. How small,
In the contrast with Israel's weal, then did
All else appear ; and now behold two prancing
Steeds, with trappings clean, convey young David
O'er the plain, with anxious haste advancing.

VI.

Enwrapped in thought profound, and musing o'er
His nation's threat'ning fate, he met a swain
Whose wild and rueful look betrayed before
He spoke the anguish of his soul ; " In vain,"
Said he, " in vain have we so long maintained
The unequal fight ; now all is black despair."
Away he sped, nor would he be detained ;
Then David sought the grove, and breathed this
prayer.

VII.

" O thou Eternal ! Awful King ! at whose
Terrific frown scared Israel back retires,
Nor dares contend with his opposing foes ;
Deign to assist, thou Parent of my sires,

And lend thy gracious aid, while I, a youth
Unskilled in arms, oppose this daring foe :
So shall despairing Israel own thy truth,
For such success thou only canst bestow.

VIII.

“ And proud Philistia, who with impious show
Of blind devotion, tauntingly defies
Our marshalled hosts, shall be constrained to bow
Submissive to thy potent arm. Arise !
O God, arise ! for thousand ills impend,
And save the tribes of thine inheritance.
Then shall our ever grateful songs ascend
On high, and timbrels praise thee in the dance.”

IX.

Increasing ardor glowing in his breast
Accelerates his speed, and now in sight
Appears the inglorious camp of Saul, oppressed,
And in its last grand effort put to flight.
In vain he greets his brethren of the host ;
No kind return he meets, but on his head
Contumely is poured ; thus oft, when lost
Some favorite hope, chagrin appears instead.

X.

Much like a torrent their derision fell
When he made known at once, his noble plan,
That he alone would conquer or repel
This bold invader, foe of God and man.
“Unthinking boy,” said they, “dost thou intend
To dare the fates, and shall thy arm prevail,
Thy puny arm, say, shall it thee defend,
Or gain success, where mighty warriors fail?”

XI.

“Yes, I alone will venture to engage
This mighty warrior, whose impious breath
Pollutes the sacred air, nor shall his rage
Intimidate a youth who dares meet death.
For once a lion fiercely did assail
My trembling flocks, an easy prey he found,
But Heaven assisting, (who would not prevail?)
The conquered monster quivered on the ground.

XII.

“So shall Goliath fall, even though his ponderous
Spear were thrice as massive as it is; nay,
Though his terror-beaming sword with wonderous
Blow could fell the oak, and spread dismay

Through all the trembling forest, still this hand
Should reach his heart uninjured, and preserve
From hated tyranny our much loved land ;
Our rights again enjoyed without reserve."

XIII.

As when some sapling oak (secured from harm
By circumambient hills, which o'er it rise,)
Defies the fiercest sallies of the storm,
And rests secure when the rude tempest flies,
So did this noble youth, by faith discern
A shield which not Goliath, no, nor all
Earth's proudest sons combined, could pierce or
turn
Aside, to make him tremble to his fall.

XIV.

With firm undaunted step he sought the brook,
And five smooth stones selected from beneath
The limpid wave ; these in his script he took.
Haste Israel, and prepare the laurel wreath,
For David yet shall wear it. See, he meets
Your daring foe with an unshrinking nerve ;
Sure Heaven inspires, and Heaven ne'er defeats
Such high-blown hopes in those who truly serve.

XV.

But hark ! the giant speaks ! “ Who dares assail,
With such menace, Gath’s mighty champion bold ?
Am I a dog, and shall thy staff prevail,
And must the chilling news in Gath be told,
That her great sun has set to rise no more ?
Must Askelon, so long renowned, this day
Be humbled in the dust, while widows pour
Their unavailing sighs, though now so gay ?

XVI.

“ But shall a warrior such as I waste breath
On such a despicable thing ? Retire,
Insulting boy ; or, if thou seek’st for death,
Thou ’st naught to do, but to provoke my ire,
And soon thy quivering lips my power shall own.
Yet do I grudge to thee such lasting fame ;
Since all who witness thy expiring groan,
Shall from oblivion’s blank retrieve thy name.”

XVII.

Here, David interrupted. “ Thy design,
By such high-swelling words, is but to fright
Me from the conflict ; blasphemy like thine
Shall not unpunished pass. Behold, in sight,

'The servant of the living God, whom thou
So daringly defiest; this day, is he
Prepared by Heaven to lay Philistia low,
And rescue Israel from captivity.

XVIII.

"What though gigantic size, with pride combined,
Arrayed in massive panoply of war,
May dare the fates;—yet shall the monster find
An adversary, dreadful from afar—
This day, Philistia, humbled in the dust,
Shall own that Judah's God is God alone;
He will avenge us, for in him we trust,
To hurl the proud usurper from his throne.

XIX.

The raging monster shouted, "Abject wretch!
Well dost thou merit punishment condign;
Nor think thou shalt escape; now will I stretch
This potent arm, and crush thee! Know 't is mine
To spare, or to destroy. Nor shall the God,
Whom thou so oft invokest, be able to
Deliver thee at all; but, overawed
By me, shall leave thee overwhelmed with woe."

XX.

David replied, “ When yestermorn, aloud
Through the deep vault of Heaven the thunder rolled ;
When the menacing dark sulphureous cloud
Seemed fraught with rage, destruction to unfold ;
Then did thy god, his temple, and his shrine,
Alike appalled, each trembled to its base ;
But Israel’s God—Almighty, All-Divine—
Commands the thunderbolt and it obeys.

XXI.

“ See’st thou yon glorious orb of day, which rides
Through fields of ether, gorgeously arrayed
In dazzling robes of light ? Mark how he glides
With nice precision. Say, who hath surveyed
His pathless wond’rous way ? ’T was Israel’s God.
He from the dark, the silent, fruitless womb
Of ancient night, his chariot called abroad ;
At once he rushed to radiate the gloom.

XXII.

“ But why select yon dazzling orb ? The world,
With all its vast concerns, are in his hand !
His smile bids nature live ; if once unfurled
The banners of his wrath, no power can stand ;

And shall a poor dependent wretch like thee
Audaciously defy the Eternal King
Of Heaven and earth ? Reviler, thou shalt see
Thy pride brought low, even with a simple sling."

XXIII.

Goliath shouted, " gods, your curses send
On his detested head ! Too generous I
Have been, thus long to let thee live ; attend,
And shudder when thou hearest my last reply.
This moment I commence with thee, and ere
An hour elapse, a thousand heads shall dance
Upon the ground that quiver now with fear.
Bold armor-bearer, instantly advance."

XXIV.

Firm as a rock, the intrepid youth observed
The irritated monster toss on high
His massive spear, nor from his purpose swerved ;
Undaunted he beheld his flashing eye.
With true, unerring rifle in his hand
The huntsman bold meets with the raging bear ;
Pleased at the sight, he, from his joyous stand,
Views his approach with joy unmixed with fear.

XXV.

Nor was the intrepid youth now at a loss ;
He slung a stone, with stimulated throw,
Just as the giant, with contemptuous toss,
Threw up his ponderous head, and bared his brow.
Swiftly the little messenger of death
Sped on its high commission,—down he fell,
In agony convulsed, and gasped for breath,—
While Israel, shouting, tolled his funeral knell.

XXVI.

See, on his vanquished foe the victor stands,
And severs from the trunk his monstrous head,
E'en with that sword, so fate, so Heaven commands,
Which had o'er Israel cast such fear and dread.
But mark the change ; the circumambient air
Rings with reiterated shouts of joy ;
Philistia trembling flies, while in her rear,
Saul all victorious does her ranks annoy.

XXVII.

Little did Jesse dream, when morning's dawn
Proclaimed the coming day, and he abroad,
All agitated, paced the dewy lawn,
And piously invoked the Eternal God ;

When to the hostile camp, his darling son
He sent, he little thought, that ere that day
Had closed, such laurels should by him be won.
“Mysterious Heaven!” was all the sage could say.

XXVIII.

Thus heaven, by means we cannot well define
To be subservient, does often choose
To work and to effect some grand design;
And shall that poor dependent, man, refuse
To acquiesce with heaven? He cannot scan
At all his great Creator's works. Nay, more,
Angels with awe mark how he deals with man,
And man himself should tremble and adore.

NOCTUARY.

Now dusky eve spreads forth her silent wing,
Inspiring thought refulgent, whilst the deep
Blue vault glows beauteous, as Eden fair.
How calm to wander, at this tranquil hour,
Along the dewy glade, and deeply muse,
While nature undisturbed finds sweet repose.
The lurid, stilly grove, which but erewhile
Reiterated music's sweetest, most
Melodious note, now silent seems to frown ;
Not one attraction left. Beneath the rich
Exuberance of yon hawthorn's foliage, or

Spiral fir-tree's bristly shade, securely
Rest the feathered choir, while sleep, soft, balmy,
Renovating sleep, their senses lulls ;
And dull oblivion revels undisturbed.
One only wakes, 't is Philomel ; attune,
Sweet bird of night, thy most exalted lay ;
Now listening nature hails the joyous song.
How calm this hour—not e'en the poplar leaf,
So prone to quiver to the slightest breeze,
Is moved—nor yet a breath disturbs the air.
Along its pebbled path the rivulet,
Low whispering to the hollow murmur
Of the distant waterfall, responsive,
Seems adding new solemnity to this
So solemn hour, nor makes the least discord.
Reposing nature, now in sombre vest
Attired, her sweet restorative enjoys,
And with fresh vigor, shall pursue her course.
So some tired giant feels exhaustion creep
Along his boasted powers, he seeks repose

In silent slumbers ; and, at length refreshed,
Awakes, and with new energy proceeds.

Night's dreary mantle o'er creation spread,
And nature hushed to rest, is deemed, alas,
For blackest deeds the most propitious hour.
Deep in their cave, the foul receptacle
Of robbers and their gains, they council hold,
And plot destruction ; their spy returning,
Joyous declares his tour and its results.
With fiend-like pleasure in each lurid brow,
They hear that an adventurer, laden
With gold, after an absence long returns,
And will be where the lonely ravine skirts
The highway side at such an hour precise.
As the fierce lion when he scents his prey
Grows fiercer, so this base nocturnal band,
Assigning each the part he is to act,
Contrive, alas, too well, the infernal plot.
Forth issuing from their hideous retreat,

Each his mortiferous weapon firmly grasped,
They hasten to the lonely spot where they
Design to perpetrate their awful crime.
Nor wait they long ; the unconscious traveller
Exults at thought of home, nor once suspects
The hidden dangers of the dubious dusk—
'Till their fierce leader, with stentorian voice,
Demands his purse. Fired at the rude assault,
He draws his trusty sword, while to his arm
Stern desperation lends its triple aid.
When the pent torrent its environs breaks,
And with impetuous rush the precipice
Descends, regardless of protruding crags,
It foams and thunders o'er its rugged path—
So our determined traveller at one
Puissant thrust has laid their leader low ;
And e'er the fierce banditti are aware,
The reeking steel another victim finds,
Who, deeply scarred, falls prostrate in the dust,
“ And joins his leader in the realms below.”

But ah ! how shall my laboring bosom tell
What fate decreed ? For yet, more swift
Than thought, the fatal, whizzing bullet flies,
And our magnanimous adventurer
Lies bleeding, too, at his assailant's feet.
To nature's every generous feeling steeled,
They disregard his agony severe,
And plunge his corse in the adjacent stream.
Alas ! his loving, his ill-fated wife,
Unconscious of his fate, expects her lord ;
Counting the tedious moments as they pass,
Prepares the cheerful hearth, and for the while
No other wish remains but his return.
His children, too, taught to expect their sire,
Repel, by thousand little nameless wiles,
The approach of sleep—alert his smiles to share,
And from his hand receive the promised gift.
But ah ! he never, never, shall return.
No more your lisping accents shall pronounce
His coming, while the half ecstatic glow

Seems brooding o'er you ; nor shall the thrilling
Music of his so welcome voice, ever
Again salute with joy your longing ears.
For in the land of souls, this night, he lights
His lamp, and bids the world a long farewell.

Ye ruthless band, shall not the plaintive cry
Of injured innocence ascend to Heaven,
And gain a hearing there ? Shall not the wild
Heart-rending shriek of widowed loneliness,
Awake the sleeping thunder, and call down
Heaven's fiercest judgments on your guilty heads ?
Most sure it shall. He who has sworn to plead
The widow's cause, from whom no darkness veils
Your complicated crimes, ere long shall rise
To vindicate his own, and plead their cause.
Sure as to-morrow's morn shall rise, to chase
Night's shades away, so sure offended Heaven
Shall at your hand require the traveller's life ;
Whilst you, convulsed in anguish, own your doom.

Now far, far in the northern hemisphere,
The Aurora Borealis comes to cheer,
To dissipate in part, night's tedious gloom.
Partial at first, as when the early dawn
Portends the coming day, but soon aloft
Each spiral form ascends, and rising high
Illuminates the chambers of the north,
Commencing there a wild eccentric dance ;
They mock the eye that gazes to define,
And bid the gazer wonder and admire.

Dare we presume, perchance some happy band
Of that innumerable host with which
Creation universal teems, performs,
Even there, some part assigned in Nature's vast
Economy, whilst thousand flambeaus burn,
And in succession close each other chase,
To radiate the thrilling scene, and lend
Additional magnificence to this
Aerial theatre vast. Methinks our eyes,

(But that this dark, terrestrial cloud obscures,)
 Might linger here, tracing celestial forms,
 Wrapped at each movement with intense delight ;
 Each thought of earth lost in the rapturous gaze.
 Nor too extravagant to believe that we,
 (But that this gross material precludes,)
 Might list from thence the music of the skies,
 And our glad voices catch th' enraptured song.

But see ; for now the beauteous queen of night,
 Through softening fields of ether bends her way,
 Rejoicing, though with crescent half concealed.
 Hither, ye Atheists ! hither turn your eyes,
 Nor dare to disbelieve—mark how she floats,
 Noiseless as time, no guide to point her way,
 Save that Almighty hand which brought her first
 From Chaos, and appointed her a sphere.
 A thousand twinkling stars glow in her train,
 Whilst the blue vault, luxuriously grand,
 Kindles our love to him who spreads the sight.

Well might th' immortal Young—contemplating
A scene so grand, so picturesque as this,
So full of love—well might he ask, “ what hand
Behind the scene put all these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?”
Nor this alone—perchance, ten thousand more
Perform their rounds impervious to our gaze,
While twice ten thousand still, exist beyond ;
For who can limit an Omnipic arm,
Or dares to set a bound to Him who speaks,
And it is done ! whose smile erects, and whose
Appalling frown annihilates a world ?
And whose ubiquity, unbounded space
And universal nature joyous own.
What but Omnipotence, could hang in air
Those ponderous worlds, and orbits give to each ?
Keep all harmonious, and prevent impinge.
Roll on, fair Cynthia ! nought can interrupt
Thy peaceful path, thy influence benign
Emit to Earth, 'till thy menology

Respecting us complete—we haste away
To more exalted spheres, nor linger here,
So far beneath our destined place of rest—
Here, twice ten thousand ills beset us round,
And plainly tell us this is not our home.
But there, an ever-beaming star of love
Pours soft effulgence o'er the happy land,
While joy's enlivening banner floats around !
Here, Death, the fell destroyer of our peace,
Has dimmed the pure horizon which surrounds,
Makes our sad bosoms heave, and wakes too oft
The yell of wild despair. Such was the yell
As thou, O, Night ! can'st witness, when the flower
Of Egypt fell, a prey to Pharaoh's pride.
There might be seen, the aged sire whose locks
Showed like a shepherd's fleece ; whose furrowed
brow,
And waning cheek, bespoke a lapse of years
Enrolled on his record ; whose bending form,
And step, averred that Nature's reins were loosed,

And he but lingered on the grave's dark brink.
Yet there he stood, or leaned upon his staff,
And all the horrors of bereavement felt.
Alas ! his only son, the stay and prop
Of his declining days, lay pale in death.
Aghast the mourner stood ; while from his hand,
Palsied by time and tremulous from fright,
The taper drops, extinguished by its fall.
With tottering and uncertain step, he gropes
To find his neighbor's door and sue for aid.
At length 't is found—he calls, but none regards.
When entering in, heart-rending was the scene,
And stupifying horror held him mute,
For there the female, who but yesterday
At Hymen's altar blushed perpetual love,
But ah how changed, clinging with maniac force
Around the lifeless bosom of her lord.
Distracted from her brow loose tresses fell,
And deep-drawn tears propelled each other forth ;
While on her gods in agony she called,

Or shrieked for human aid—when gazing round
She deemed herself alone—but all in vain,
The still cold corse grew yet more ghastly pale,
And deeper shades seemed gathering around.

Appalling as the dread volcano's roar,
Echoed the voice of sorrow and despair
O'er that devoted land ; while midnight, black
And unpropitious, magnified the gloom !
Chill horror sportive flapped its sable wings,
While death, in all its variegated forms,
Entered, alike unceremoniously,
The kingly palace and the mud-built cot.
Here lay the man, but yesterday enshrined
In busy life, and forming plans afresh.
And there the youth just bursting on the world,
An hour ago, elate with highest hopes.
And here, where midnight revellers convened,
A sudden panic fell, as well it might ;
For at a banquet, death appalls the most ;

So unexpected then, yet there it came,
And claimed its victims with more ruthless hand.
The eye of beauty languished ; roses fled
Its cheek ; as with convulsive bound, it sunk
Forever in the dull cold grasp of death.
How the survivors sickened at the view ;
So much confusion swelling on the sight.

But hark ! loud o'er the land echoes the pang,
For innocence itself has felt the stroke,
And echo answers the maternal moan.
The babe just climbing to its mother's knee ;
The son of yesterday, and every age
That intervenes, fall like autumnal leaves.
And on those bosoms, whence they drew support,
Their lifeless heads recline. Happy for those,
Methinks, whose timely exit saves a world
Of woe ; thrice happy they, though ignorance
May counterfeit a smile of sheer contempt ;
Though superstition shrewdly shake its head ;
And proud sectarian spirits disallow.

Tell me the lovely babe, who yesterday
Sat playful on its happy mother's knee,
A counterpart to innocence itself,
And sweetly smiled, the while cherubic grace
Its beauteous brow high flushing, while it drank
Delicious rapture from those very smiles,
The contemplation of its loveliness
Was wont to raise on the maternal cheek.
Tell me again, that yesternight, writhing
In agony, you saw the nursling fair,
And marked the approach of death. Its visage now
Was pallid, and those eyes which but erewhile
Beamed with transcendent beauties, dimly shone.
And that the reckless monarch of the grave,
Regardless of a tender mother's sighs
And tears, which fell profusely o'er its couch,
Seized the sweet bud and hurried it away.
And all the sad narration I must b'lieve
Implicitly, for so the pristine curse?
And so the disobedience of our

Unwary representative requires.
To the celestial mansions other path
To none remains, excepting that which leads
Down to the dark and lonely vale of death.

But tell me that its infant spirit now,
Fraught largely with excruciating pains,
Yells in despair ! Then hasten to proclaim,
Even with the same unhallowed impious breath,
That all religion is an idle farce.
More plausible the rash assertion were.
Rather would I believe, (though more absurd,)
That death puts an extinguisher upon
The vital lamp, and naught remains of man ;—
Or that this system of creation sprung
From ancient chaos of its own accord,
Than once to harbor the prepost'rous thought.
What, the lovely babe blown into life, perhaps
A few short months ; perchance a single day ;
Unconscious whence its origin, or what

Its destiny ; unconscious too of crime ;
Yet to perdition endless doomed at once ;—
Companion to the base perfidious wretch
Who by a fiendlike effort has suppressed
The last restraining spark ; who yesternight,
In proud defiance both of God and man,
Ascended to the couch of his true friend
And benefactor bounteous, and with
A worse than fiendlike fury recklessly
Deprived him of his honor and his life.
And is this infamous *detested wretch*
Companion fit for innocence itself ?
Revolting nature instantly forbids,
And back recoils ; at the assertion frowns ;
And shudders at the base preposterous thought.

MANIAC.

I.

BEHIND a blue mountain the sun was declining,
And half veiled his disk in a cloud that o'erhung
The western horizon ; yet eastward, still shining
As when music's tones through each avenue rung,
With the mist of the mountain next moment 't was
 blending,
And sunshine's allurements were silently ending !
Fast gathering shadows o'er Nature low pending,
Around each promontory solemnly clung.

II.

And fast through the forest the darkness was stealing,
Around a poor female whose reason had flown—
Whose dark, flashing eye, a wild frenzy revealing,
Sought a path to return, but alas ! there was none.
As wanders the barque, when her rudder has failed
her,
She had wandered, unconscious, 'till hunger assailed
her ;
Some wild berries, only, that day had regaled her ;
She was scared, and bewildered, and faint, and alone.

III.

And yet there was one, whose friendship is stronger
And nobler than man's, be it told to his shame :
Proud reason may scoff me, but yet I do n't wrong
her,
For friendship is now little more than the name.
I say there was one, on a moss bed reclining,
And wistfully gazing, or plaintively whining,
All sympathy's softest emotions entwining :
Be its garb ne'er so rude, Friendship still is the same.

IV.

'T was dark ! the grim owl in a pinetop was hooting !
How wildly the maniac answered his call !
And deemed herself then with some spirit disputing,
'Mid the lone gothic ruins of some haunted hall.
'T was as when, in strange slumbers, at midnight
 we 're dreaming,
With terrors gigantic each vision is teeming ;
We fancy broad shadows or lights strangely gleaming,
Such terrors wild fancy is prone to forestall.

V.

And now, through the forest was fitfully roving,
The short flitting night-winds that float from the west.
Now they kissed the green branches, then left the
 leaves moving,
Now shook her loose tresses, then laid them at rest.
When suddenly starting and gazing around her—
She shrieked, and those echoes she roused did
 astound her.
'T was cruel, ye echoes, to wake and to wound *her*,
In whose bosom sorrows profusely were pressed.

VI.

Ah, who would have dreamed, when the sacred light
o'er thee

First cheerfully played, as it streamed from afar,
When it chased the big shadows of night from before
thee,

And hailed thy life's dawn as a just waking star—
Could envy itself, through the joy and the splendor
Of that natal hour, without one to defend her,
Have descried poor Jessina, with none to befriend
her—

Her charms all extinguished by sorrow's deep scar?

VII.

Or, when the full morning of life round her glowing,
The germ intellectual began to expand ;
Assiduous tenderness ever bestowing
Each fostering care which those blossoms demand ;
When at morning it watered the floweret so gay,
And anxiously pruned the wild branches away,
'Till the full blooming flower at length did repay
The cares and the toils of that fostering hand.

VIII.

Who 'd have thought that a frost even then was
descending,

To sear its pure leaves and extinguish its bloom,
When fondness paternal was over her bending ?
Did it dream she should fill such a premature tomb ?
Ah, no ! But our joys unsubstantial and porous,
We think them secured ; then they flit from before
us :

To a sense of earth's meanness such trials restore us,
More permanent joys we adopt in its room.

IX.

But where is Jessina ? Alone, in yon forest,
She laughs, then she weeps—to wild frenzy a prey ;
(Of all our bereavements 't is surely the sorest
When reason abandons us, hastening away.)
Yet her canine companion, still watchful as ever,
Whose faithfulness no situation could sever,
To calm her rude fears used his every endeavor,
Or chased night's dark prowlers with deep sounding
bay.

X.

'T was midnight! she slept, and perchance she was
dreaming

Of youth, and youth's pleasures, forever gone by—
When joy's fairy mantle around her was streaming,
Nor shrouded one pang that could waken a sigh ;
For dreams oft revive the sad soul when in trouble ;
Each pleasing remembrance how sweetly they
double,

For the hours seem returned, but quick as a bubble
That floats but to vanish—they flit from our eye.

XI.

As the rainbow which dazzles the eye that beholds it,
The dark misty cloud the next moment inurns :

As the sparrow, which flits from the hand that
enfolds it,

Is lost in the forest, nor ever returns :

So fled from the lovely Jessina, at waking,

The soft sunlit vision, and left her heart aching ;

As one who a last final farewell is taking

Of all he once loved, from the scene madly turns.

XII.

But ah, she was chilled ; and her fragile form, bend-
ing

Beneath the stern pressure of Fate's dread decree,
As the cedar, when autumn's dark storms are de-
scending,

Yields at length to the blast and is hurled to the lee ;
Though deeply impressed on the page of its story
Are storms, which in vain sought to humble its glory,
Yet now it must yield to the gale's gathered fury,
And let the winds rave unobstructed and free.

XIII.

Perhaps at that moment, her reason returning,
Awaked from a trance, saw the truth of the scene—
Perchance breathed a prayer, while the lamp was
yet burning,

And met nature's tyrant all calm and serene.
A view of those fields where unclouded joys centre,
Where sorrow, nor sighing, nor pain, ever enter !
Perhaps at that moment in mercy was lent her,
Though Jordan's dark billow still lingered between !

XIV.

To flow from her heart the warm life-blood was
ceasing,
And stopped—in each avenue slowly congealed ;
Then quick rallied back, each pulsation increasing,
'Till the whole nervous fabric in wild tumult reeled.
A wild wandering flush o'er that cheek madly stray-
ing,
Where Death's dreary paleness next moment was
staying,
And just as day dawned, nature's mandate obeying,
She breathed her last sigh, and the fiat was sealed !

XV.

No father stood by her, love's sacred page searching,
Or in her behalf breathed to Heaven a vow ;
No mother, to moisten that lip that was parching,
Nor sister, to wipe the cold damps from her brow ;
No lover stung deeply by keen anguish started,
And wept, ah, she's gone, when her spirit departed,
As o'er her he bent, more than half broken hearted ;
Nor friend closed her eyes, dim and lustreless now.

XVI.

But though neither father, nor mother, nor sister,
Nor lover, nor friend stood to weep or to pray,
Think not that she wandered with none to assist her
When passing that valley where dark shadows stay.
For a bright troop of angels just over her halted,
And scared the foul fiends, from whose gaze she
 revolted ;
'Then echoed their harps to a strain more exalted,
As they bore her pure spirit in triumph away.

XVII.

Jessina, farewell ; at the home of thy fathers,
Reposing in peace, thou hast learned to obey ;
No more shall the child, as the wild flowers it
 gathers,
Be scared at thy footsteps and hasten away ;
No fantasies wild in thy soft bosom revel,
Thy charms so transcendant conspiring to level,
Nor more shall rude night winds thy tresses dishevel,
When wrapped in the glories of Heaven's pure day.

XVIII.

Jessina, farewell ; no more shall the sorrows,
Which darkened thy life, hover over thee now ;
E'en the view retrospective, which memory borrows,
Is calm as the sunshine which plays on thy brow.
No more like the barque on a storm ridden ocean,
Urged on by the waves in tempestuous commotion,
But safe in that haven of peace and devotion
Where joy-enwrapped spirits submissively bow.

MY BROTHER.

OCTOBER suns poured tides of yellow light
Upon the fading fields, and forests too,
Whose answering tinge beat back upon the sight,
And gave each sunlit scene a golden hue.

Save where the stately spruce and pine tree reared
Their daring heads, with foliage thick between,
On these no change since summer's noon appeared,
Unless perhaps a more determined green.

Here the firm maple showed its reddened leaf,
And there the angry beech its foliage tossed ;
Here stood the willow wrapped in silent grief,
And there the fir-tree dared the coming frost.

The whit'ning pine whose verdure long had flown,
 (Emblem of man when youth's gay dream is
 past,)

On the far distant mountain stood alone,
 A sombre shadow o'er its branches cast.

Oft have I gazed, at such autumnal hour,
 O'er hills and fields, with varying groves between,
Admired the landscape, and confessed the power
 Who gave us such variety of scene.

No dull monotony to tire the sense
 On nature's ever varying face appears ;
No gushing, instant change, to give offence,
 Or fill the pleased admiring eye with tears.

But as the dewy gleam of morn, afar,
 Brightens at length into meridian blaze,
Then gradually declines, and leaves the star
 Of eve alone to guide the deepening maze.

So ever changing nature, to the man
 Who will contemplate, spreads an ample field,
And bids our finite powers attempt to scan,
 Else surely were the view from us concealed.

'Twas thus I gazed, nor for a moment dreamed
How soon a cloud of sorrow should descend,
And hide far from me one so much esteemed,
He was my brother ; more, he was my friend.

Ye who have stood beside the dying bed
Of one whose life seemed twining round your
own,
Marked the dim shadows gathering o'er his head,
And felt Hope's lingering gleam forever flown—

You only know the deep and thrilling smart,
Which like gigantic terrors in a dream,
Hung dark'ning shadows round this aching heart,
And dimmed the lustre of its mid-day beam.

Not that I loved him more than others loved,
Or felt the pang more sensibly than they ;
For father, mother, sisters, brothers proved
Equal bereavement on that parting day.

Awhile we hoped that health might yet return
To give his pallid cheek its wonted bloom—
To check our tears, and bid us cease to mourn,
And save the loved one from an early tomb.

But ah ! too soon our every hope proved vain ;
Too soon we saw his days were but a span,
While round his couch, unable to refrain,
We wept in concert o'er the dying man.

Well might we grieve, for his intrinsic worth,
From us concealed, we knew not how to prize ;
'T was like an evening sun, just bursting forth
Beneath a cloud, to soar in other skies.

No lapse of time shall from our bosoms chase,
Or dim the fond remembrance of that day,
When, with a mien fraught with cherubic grace,
He told us how he longed to be away.

Then checked the impetuous ardor of his soul,
And chid his own impatience as a crime,
Gave back that glimpse, as *prematurely* stole,
Resigned to wait his Heavenly Father's time.

Well did he mark the copious flow of tears
Parental fondness poured around his head,—
The patient sufferer calmed their rising fears,
Resigned his breath and joined the mighty dead.

Forgive those tears ; for not around their board
Remains a plant so promising and fair ;
And I too wept. His heart was richly stored,
And friendship's fairest hopes were budding there.

Ah ! me, and must those hopes forever fall ?
My thrilling breast be hushed ; thou needst not
start ;

Time's rolling chariot never can recall
One hour's sweet converse, to revive this heart,

Till from this vale of unsubstantial things,
I too shall soar, a liberated soul ;
Borne o'er Elysian fields on gold-tipped wings,
Where floods of bliss serene incessant roll.

My fancy paints thy sparkling eyes of fire,
And hears me bid thee welcome to the skies ;
Then strike thy golden harp amid the choir,
While echo wakes her thousand symphonies.

But what am I—charmed with a dream so rare ;
One moment wrapt in pure ethereal joys ;
The next, bowed down to earth, and grovelling there,
Involved amid its sublunary toys.

Thus soars the lark, as if to meet the skies,
And chaunts her dulcet hymn, to cheer the morn.
Her song has ceased ; she stoops to seize a prize,
A prize how mean,—’t is but a barley corn.

Then fare thee well ; friend of my soul, farewell !
Scarce would I call thee from yon blissful spheres ;
But ah ! forgive affection’s aching swell,
When as I pass, yon lowland shade appears.

There stands the elm, the maple and the furz,
And there the stream glides smoothly as before,
Save when some crossing zephyr gently stirs
Its curling surface, to the grass-bound shore.

But where is he who sat beneath the shade,
Contemplating, well pleased, those passing tides ?
Alas ! forever from those pastures strayed,
While deep and sullen loneliness presides.

The sorrowing child whose favorite bird has flown,
Weeps as it views the solitary cage,
Pensively musing, deems itself alone,
And naught but time its sorrows can assuage.

'T is thus I gaze on yon deserted bowers,
And sigh for seasons now forever past,
When friendship's boon hung o'er the sunny hours,
Each interview more pleasing than the last.

Again, dear shade, adieu ! though I remain
Perchance the pilgrim of a few more years,
A lonely wanderer o'er this lurid plain—
This mazy round, this labyrinth of tears.

And when I float on Jordan's heaving tide,
And hear the swelling surges round me roar,
Then, if thou mayst, be hovering by my side,
And point my trembling spirit to the shore.

And O, may He who bore thee o'er the wave,
And tranquilized the oft terrific stream,
Be with me then to succor and to save,
And make my death like thine, a pleasing dream.

EVE, TO THE BIRDS OF PARADISE.

I.

ALAS ! and did one disobedient act
Involve in all this wretchedness the race,
The lordly race of man ?—clear stands the fact ;
Nor can the Atheists' loudest laugh efface
The glaring truth ;—from that thrice happy place,
Where oft celestial hallelujahs rung,
Compelled to flee ;—those steps ne'er to retrace :
Thus wept fair Eve, by keenest sorrow stung,
While round her lovely face loose auburn tresses
hung.

II.

“ Ah, me ! how shall I dare to lift mine eyes
Again, after this baneful act ; for now
A thousand dangers press me ; fear, surprise,
And shame, the dire effects of sin—allow
Me no repose. Ah ! never more, with brow
All placid and serene, with heart at ease,
With pure unsullied hands, where every bough
Echoed the voice of love, ’midst yonder trees—
Shall I again enjoy sweet Eden’s balmy breeze !

III.

“ Distracting thought ! in one sad hour to lose
My innocence, with every luscious sweet
Which flowed along its path—nay, to infuse
The poisonous drop to Adam’s cup ; ’t was meet
That I should reverence, and at his feet
Ask counsel ; but alas ! instead, a base,
Malicious fiend my wayward footsteps greet—
How dared he enter yon thrice sacred place,
And such distraction spread o’er all the human
race.

IV.

“ Garden of bliss, farewell ! no more I ’ll taste
Your luscious sweets, borne o’er the flowery lee,
As when at morn, with voluntary haste,
I plucked the orange from its spreading tree.
No more I ’ll list that soothing melody,
Which once at evening lulled me to repose—
Thrice sweet your song, but oh ! ’t is not for me ;
In vain your notes ascend, in vain the rose
Expanding into bloom, around its sweetness throws.

V.

“ Sweet birds, farewell ! how often have I gazed,
Delighted, on your plumage bright, and heard
Your choral notes ; whilst on my hand high
 raised,
Sitting serene, all beauteous you appeared.
But ah, how changed !—no sooner had I reared
This guilty hand to yon forbidden tree,
Than all appalled, you fled me—strangely scared
At my approach. I stood amazed ; ah me !
How did this trembling heart weep o’er its destiny.

VI.

“ Oh, could I for one moment back recall—
Those blissful scenes, how richly would I prize ;
But vain that wish ; for never, never shall
True joy again be mine—with opened eyes,
Discerning well my fate, I tremble ; twice
The tempter I repelled, conscious of power
To stand ; twice he repulsed, fled Paradise,
But ah ! to machinate new lures ; the hour
When he returned, alas ! deep shades around it lower.

VII.

“ Yet, I remember well, you seemed to weep ;
And with suspended song, instantly fled
To deep recess of shades ;—while silence deep
And awful as the gloom o’er chaos spread,
Ere yet the all creative mandate shed
This radiance—working night’s supreme control.
'T was stillness audible, deep fraught with dread ;
Then the loud tempter’s laugh, and eyes’ proud
roll,
Congealed my very blood, and harrowed up my soul.

VIII.

“ Yet oft, when sleep seals up these wearied eyes,
A visionary gleam steals o’er my soul ;
Again I seem to rove through Paradise,
Wreathing its lovely flowers without control—
Free as the passing air, from pole to pole,
Borne on the zephyr’s wing ; yon glassy stream
Rich with delight, where clouds of incense roll,
Again I view, and all is joy extreme—
But wake, alas ! to find a transitory dream.

IX

“ Again, I woo soft soothing balmy sleep,
E’en momentary bliss ;—so sweet to taste,
But ah ! how changed the scene ; some craggy
steep
I quite exhausted scale, a dreary waste
Conspicuous beyond ; with anxious haste,
And palpitating heart the wild I tread ;
At every pass some hidden danger placed—
When lo ! a tiger springs ; I raise my head,
Scarce daring to believe the chilling vision fled.

X.

“ Thus passes many a tedious sullen hour,
But you, sweet Philomel, no dreams affright—
Perhaps they do—I ’ve seen the eagle lower ;
Nay, all creation groans its woeful plight,
And I the cause ; but He who great in might
Speaks into life, has promised to send
And bruise the serpent’s head—O, what delight,
If he again would graciously befriend—
But those mysterious words we cannot comprehend.”

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

I.

WHEN Israel, from Egyptian thralldom led,
Began their march towards the promised land,
An all accomplished leader at their head,
Prepared by Heaven to take that high command :
From slavery's hated chains with joy they fled,
But soon on ocean's shore appalled they stand ;
For Pharaoh, now enraged, their exit views,
His recent plagues forgets, and Israel's host pursues.

II.

Loudly they to their leader now complain,
" How daredst thou thus on innocence impose ?
Rather would we have borne the tyrant's chain,
Or aught that tyranny may e'er disclose,

Than here to see our wives and infants slain
By haughty, cruel, unrelenting foes.”
When lo ! their leader calls aloud to heaven,
And let the host go forward, is the answer given.

III.

Go forward ! what, and rush beyond the verge
That stays rude billows red with wild commotion ;
Can he support us o'er the heaving surge,
Or must we sink forgotten in the ocean,
While screaming sea-mews sing our funeral dirge,
Devoid of bleeding pity's soft emotion ?
But see ! the rod is stretched by heaven's command,
And leaves a pathway dry walled up on every hand.

IV.

Mark how their wondering countenances glow,
While hope's rekindling fires each bosom warms ;
They traverse safely through the depths below ;
Beneath auspicious Heaven's extended arms,
Even where ten thousand perils used to flow,
They safely pass secure from dire alarms.
At length all safe on shore, not one is lost,
An echoing shout of praise arises from the host.

V.

Behold proud Pharaoh down the slope descends ;
His charioteers obey his loud commands :
In vain he strives, for those whom Heaven defends
Shall never, never fall into his hands.
Vainly on his magicians he depends
To stay the trembling walls, with magic bands :
His hour has come, he sinks among the dead ;
The waves puissant roll wild tumult o'er his head.

VI.

Now ransomed Israel praise the Great Supreme ;
Illustrious gratitude the song inspires ;
Worthy art thou who didst our lives redeem,
And in our bosoms raise love's purest fires,—
We'll praise thy name at morning's earliest gleam,
Nor cease till day exhausted quite retires ;
Nor shall we more distrust thy sovereign power,
While in our bosoms live the wonders of this hour.

NEW YEAR.

THE cock's shrill note awakes the new year's morn,
And night's grim retinue abashed retires ;
Far down the west, with half extinguished horn,
The pale moon yields to rising eastern fires.

But where the balmy breath inspiring love ?
And where the dew-drop which from summer
flows ?

Ah, where the thousand echoes of the grove ?
And whither now the beauteous blushing rose ?

Beneath stern winter's rugged blast it lies ;
The birds have flown to more propitious climes,
Where even now the breeze of summer flies,
And memory wakes sweet dreams of other times.

Thy dawn we hail, season of social mirth ;
Joyous we meet thy coming, festive day ;
When seated round the pleasure-beaming hearth,
We'll quite forget old winter's iron sway.

But where those friends who oft with us have joined ?
Their youthful glee I well remember now,
When music's soothing strains, with love combined,
To chase the gloom from winter's sullen brow.

No more we listen to their gleesome voice,
Or catch those smiles so oft awakening ours ;—
A more exalted theme their song employs,
And brighter scenes arouse their latent powers.

And is it so, and must revolving years
Consign to earth man's vast imperial race ?
Arise, my thoughts, arise to higher spheres,
And labor to secure a resting place.

For time, untiring time, incessant flows ;
No interruption cloy's his busy wheel.
Our joys he heeds not, nor records our woes ;
Still on, and on, new moments to reveal.

He sees the mourner, weeping o'er a form,
 Dearer by far than life and all its charms ;
The mariner contending with the storm ;
 The warrior struggling mid the din of arms.

The thousand whirls of fortune's giddy dance ;
 The love-lorn maiden sighing to the wind ;
Yet with a cold disinterested glance,
 Reckless he passes, leaving all behind.

'Tis like the liquid torrent, as it glides,
 Regardless of the hand that tills the ground,
Hastening to blend with ocean's heaving tides,
 Till lost forever in the vast profound.

COULD SPIRITS.

I.

COULD spirits immortal look down from above,
And see what is passing below,
Would it not interrupt the soft chorus of love
And cause those bright eyes to o'erflow?
Would it not check the ardor that glows in their
song,
And cause their bright sunshine to set?
Or at least bid a sigh the deep cadence prolong,
And mingle one pang of regret?

II.

When they see, (but say, where shall the laboring
breast

A disclosure so tragic begin?)

When they see the lone widow and orphan oppressed,

By those who their stay should have been ;

When the hard hand of avarice, grasping its spoil,

Destroys their last chance to subsist,

At his thrice iron touch their sad bosoms recoil,

Yet their all may be found in his fist.

III.

When they see those on whom they once gazed
with delight,

And fondly regarded as friends,

Pursuing some shadowy dream's whirling flight,

Where folly, still laughing attends ;

Or lost in the mazes of some giddy round,

Where luxury holds his domain,

Regardless of aught, so the banquet be crowned

By mirth, and repeated again.

IV.

When they see even those they were taught to
 revere,
 As delegates sent from the skies,
Enveloped by earth, and bewildered by care,
 Disregarding the race and the prize,
Yet loudly condemning all sects but their own
 To the pit of oblivious extreme,
Because those, some frivolous tenets disown
 Which these, firmly hold and esteem.

V.

When they see pining indigence, humbled by want,
 Ask a pittance with trembling hand,
And pampered profusion refusing to grant
 That pittance, though all at command.
When these, and a thousand disorders that flow
 Through life's every avenue seen,
Deranging creation's fair system below,
 Where harmony else should have been—

VI.

Would it not dim the lustre that beams from those
eyes,

Though wrapped in refulgence of bliss,
Or can they behold, void of care or surprise,
A scene so distracted as this ?

Or are they encircled by joys so serene,
So ecstatic, so grand and sublime,
That they never revert to this shadowy scene,
Or dream o'er one relic of time ?

VII.

Perhaps, while adoring the Great and the Good,
They daily behold what earth is ;
But with passions all hushed, and with wills all
subdued,

And enveloped forever in his,
They may fondly contemplate this 'wilderer chain,
And deem it harmonious then ;
They may joyfully touch the soft chorus again,
And shout, halleluiah ! Amen.

THE GRAVE.

How calm the grave ; no anxious gnawing care
Shall more disturb the placid sleeper there ;
No more the storms of earth, or passion's storm,
Shall touch that peaceful bosom with alarm.

How calm the grave ; e'en slander's pois'nous breath
Is hushed before the mighty conqueror, death.
So when the 'scaping bird floats to the skies,
The hideous wolf resigns his wished-for prize.

How calm the grave ; borne on its whirling car,
The eddying tempest, like the blast of war,
Rolls o'er thee, and, though trembling forests fall,
Those sounds can never reach thy quiet hall.

How calm the grave ; though tempests from afar
Call earth's remotest tribes to deadly war,
And echoing thunder from each war-tube spout,
Thou heedest not the wild tumultuous rout.

How calm the grave ; yet shall the period come
When death shall yield his empire o'er the tomb ;
Man's conqueror conquered, and forever slain ;
His dust revives, he moves, and lives again.

How calm the grave ; yet when this scene is past,
The day of days, though lingering till the last,
That day, for which all other days were made,
Which leaves them too as shadows of a shade,

Shall burst in grandeur never known before ;
And the last trumpet peal from shore to shore ;
Then shall the haughty ocean madly yield
The myriads in her coral caves concealed.

Then shall the hallowed dust from every tomb,
List the high mandate, and exulting come ;
And Adam's every child, of every tongue,
Shall stand together in one mighty throng.

A NIGHT IN THE WILDS.

'T WAS midnight, and the weary huntsman slept
Upon his boughy bed ; securely too
He slept, and dreamed ; for nature's rugged paths,
Where the wild moose and carraboo abound,
Were his delight. His soul was in the woods.
He slept ; and dimly flickering at his feet
The night fire wasted ; while the waking owl,
Perched in a pine-top, bellowing at the sight,
Aroused his mate the mystery to solve.
All else was silent ;—the adjacent lake
Was curtained by a cloud of silvery mist ;
A fringe of various foliage overhung,

And decked the varied shore on every hand ;
And, save the murmur of a tiny stream,
The night-bird only stirred the deep repose.
Nature, I love thy solitude ;—I love
Thy wild retreats, by mortals seldom seen ;
To pause beneath the variegated shade,
Where hunters lingered centuries ago ;
Sires of a race whose star is almost down.
I love the cataract's low continuous roar
At early morn ; and every wildwood scene
Has charms for me. At length the bird of dawn
Piped sweetly, and was answered from afar
By the shrill whistle foresters well know.
Roused by that early call, the huntsman rose,
Stirred the red brands, and waited for the day.
But why that pensive sadness ? why that shade
Of sorrow stealing o'er his brow ? 'T is not
His wont to grieve ; what now has moved his soul ?
Ah ! he has had a dream of other times,
And magic memory gave, in vision back,

A pleasing interview with one, whose soul
Once mingled with his own ;—their hearts were one,
Like hearts of clansmen in the olden time ;
Yet as a rosebud, lovelier than its mates,
The gard'ner's pride, by canker-worm is seized,
And doomed to perish e'er its leaves unfold,
So had that more than brother fallen in death.
Deep was the wound ; *too* deep for time to heal,
Save for the rapturous moments when restored
Amid the soothing sunshine of a dream.
But day approached ; for from the red'ning east
Came streams of yellow light, and chased the gloom
Away to hidden caves. The huntsman's soul
Was roused ; for in the rising day is found
A charm of balmy sweetness to the mind.
He raised his horn ; and wildly plaintive, deep,
And clear, and low and beast-like was the sound.
Again, and yet again he blew, then paused,
Tossed off his cap, and in the attitude
Of eager expectation leaned to hear.

But, save that echo from beyond the lake,
Her wondrous powers of imitation tried,
Naught answered to his call ; yet still he kept
His ground, and through the underwood at times
Peered cautiously, lest some young moose-deer
should

By stealth approach. And thrice again he blew ;
And thrice again, as if in mockery,
Did echo from her shadowy halls the sound
Repeat : and deeper stillness reigned around.
Nor did the huntsman from his purpose swerve,
But longer, louder, wilder than before
Swelled the deep notes borne down upon the wind.
At length, far o'er the vale a sound was heard ;
'T was mild and low, but music to his ear.
Oft had the antlered monarch of the wild
Come at his call ; come answering too, and had
Fallen and expired beneath his deadly aim.
Onward, and onward, crashing as he came,
And answering, as he thought, his forest mate,

The iron-footed monster moved along
In all his native pride ; and when he paused
To listen for the sound, which to his fate
Lured him, a midnight stillness seemed to reign ;
Till roused again by the dissembling horn
His bold response was heard, and through a copse
Of tangled underwood he boldly dashed
With wild impetuous rush, and proudly stood
Among the shrubbery that fringed the lake.
Awhile he paused, and from his antlers shook
The tangled boughs ; then scanned the distant
shore ;
Perhaps to measure, or at least to mark,
If aught menaced him there ; but all was still.
Then did he taste the waters, and, 't would seem,
His wide spread antlers, mirrored from beneath,
Had roused his pride ; for when the mellowed horn
Again fell on his ear, he answered quick,
And with majestic plunge moved nobly on.
The rising sun had waked the early breath

Of morn ; and as the silvery cloud was borne
Along in broken fragments by the breeze,
Between the floating masses as they passed,
His form appeared ; and much he seemed at home.
His deep brown antlers waved, in sign that far
Beneath the surface powerfully played
His sinewy limbs. Wide from his heaving breast,
On every side, the sunny circles rolled.
His nostrils all distended quaffed the air,
And, glorying in his mighty lungs, he rolled
It loudly back upon the wind. At length
He neared the shore, and bolder grew ; with mane
Erect, and eyes reflecting back the glare
Of day, as if with energy renewed,
He onward rushed, impatient for the shore.

As when the youthful lover views afar
The barque which o'er Atlantic waves has borne
The loved one of his soul, and hails its near
Approach, so glowed the huntsman's rising soul

With an excitement rapturous and wild,
Beyond what ordinary lovers know.
From his concealment every movement marked,
And deemed the prize his own ; and in a trice
The noble swimmer with a bound stood firm
Upon the margin of the lake, and shook
His dripping sides ;—when lo ! a bullet passed
Him through ; yet stood he firm ; from either side
His life-blood spouted ; when, as quick as thought,
Another bullet pierced his beating heart :
He staggered back, then forward, stood again,
And, mustering his remains of life, he looked
A proud defiance at his deadly foe,
And fell ; fell heavily ; for from his wounds
His last of life was passing ; not a sound,
(Save nature's deeply drawn convulsive sob,)
Was heard : bravely the gallant swimmer died ;
Nobly the forest ranger met his fate ;
He struggled not, but calmly passed away.
And as the huntsman drained the ebbing tide,

And marked the last convulsive thrill that shook
And quivered through his giant frame ; almost
He wept ; but rallied quick a huntsman's soul,
And, covering carefully his morning prize,
The antlers bore triumphantly away.

TO A ROSE.

WHEN Flora sought her lover to detain,
And bind in lasting chains his wav'ring love,
Awhile she wandered pensive o'er the plain,
Or sought some new attraction from the grove.

There, seated 'neath the woodbine's soft'ning shade,
Her subjects hastened at her plaintive call;
Each opening flower she leisurely surveyed,
And then wast thou selected from them all.

Hope flushed the goddess, whose delighted gaze
Shed deeper blushes o'er thee, beauteous flower;
The sequel proves thou didst deserve her praise,
Who hailed thee queen from that eventful hour.

The opening rose-bud decked her snowy brow,
Diffusing mellowed lustre o'er her charms ;
Her lover owned the conquest—breathed a vow,
And clasped th' enraptured Flora in his arms.

Some wandering swain, far from his blooming fair,
Musing in solitude beneath a shade,
Catches thy sweetness on the passing air,
And hies him where thy beauties are displayed.

The rising blush which modesty commands,
So soft, to tinge the cheek of her he loves,
Flits o'er his mind ; he half bewildered stands,
Or bending o'er thee, all thy fragrance proves.

The pearly dew-drops, trembling in thine eye,
Brings to his mind afresh love's parting tear ;
While the soft breezes which around thee sigh,
Like love's farewell, falls on his list'ning ear.

Well pleased, the passing spirit of the breeze
Is hovering o'er thee, e'en as Alwin sings,
And doing homage on his bended knees,
Deep in thy fragrance dips his dewy wings,

And when compelled, reluctantly retires,
 Bearing thy balmy odors o'er the wild ;
Naught that he meets such soothing joy inspires—
 Nay, for thy sake, he deems himself exiled.

When life's eventful noon with me has passed,
 And down my path the shades of evening steal,
When wild ambition, from my breast erased,
 Disturbs no more, but leaves it time to heal,

Calm be that hour ;—and mine, to taste the sweets
 Which thou art wont to yield, thrice beauteous
 flower ;
In each salubrious walk my fancy greets,
 Let roses bloom, to deck each scented bower.

ANGELA.

CANTO I.

I.

READER, of course you've heard—perhaps you've
seen ;—

If so, of course you'll believe the proverb true :—

“ One wedding brings another on the green ; ”

They're safe enough ; I think they might say two ;
At least I've known it so, and what has been

A thousand times, is surely nothing new ;
Though not perhaps on axiom handed down,
And sung to tatters by some lowly clown.

II.

Proverbs are grand, if true, and chosen well,

And used by those who know when to apply them ;
If sound our reasoning, at once they tell—

If false, they're touchstones whereby we may try
them ;

But half of those extant are like a bell
That's cracked ; just sound, and you'll descry
 them,
Grating discordance on the passing blast ;
But this one stands while love and ladies last.

III.

Well, as I said, (or meant to say, at least,)
 There was a famous wedding once, and I
Was there, and honored as a welcome guest ;—
 Though I'm not bound, just now, to tell you my
Opinion of the bride, or how she dressed,
 Or if she blushed, or not—yet, by-the-by,
This I confess: she looked well pleased, and so
She might ; marriage is honorable, you know.

IV.

Of course the mother dropped a tear or two ;
 Nor be surprised—maid-servants' wages then
Were strangely high, and she could neither brew,
 Nor bake, nor cook, nor sweep to please the men ;
Perhaps she had another end in view :
 To make the bridegroom prouder yet again
Of his sweet prize. He smiled much like a Jew
When he is conscious he has cheated you.

V.

I love a wedding dearly ! how *sublime*,
When all concerned are happy ; and you must
Remember 't was in the good olden time,
When you might dance, or sing, or safely trust
Yourself a glass of wine, though it were prime.
New fashions now have laid all in the dust,—
Knocked innocent amusement on the head,
And substituted *scandal* in its stead.

VI.

Perhaps you 'd like to know the bridegroom's name ;
But that 's of no great moment now, and so,
Suffice it to inform you that he came
Some ninety miles ; (I do n't exactly know
The distance, but 't was thereabouts,) to claim
His lovely, interesting bride, and show
To all the world, that love despised the cost
When such an object must be won or lost.

VII.

Amid the gaudy group assembled there
To see the fun, and other pretty things,
The bridegroom had a cousin—young, and fair,
And lovely as a rose, when morning brings

Its dewy pearl-drops o'er it ; like a pair
Of purest diamonds ever set in rings,
Or hid in ocean, gleamed her witching eyes—
Some thought she just had sallied from the skies.

VIII.

Beauty has powerful charms, we must confess,
And dazzles oft the eyes of the beholder,
Particularly when young ; his looks express
Confusion, but when grown a little older
And something wiser, you would scarcely guess
The difference : he then seems vastly bolder ;
Like young recruit, at first afraid to fire,
At length nerved firm, to conquer or expire.

IX.

Beauty is dangerous too, for it has slain
Its thousands and its tens of thousands ; long
And sanguinary wars which almost stain
Humanity, so deeply fraught with wrong, *
Have emanated from it ; yet the chain
That binds us to this sphere would not be strong
Enough to hold us down, were beauty fled,
And earth would be by sackcloth overspread.

X.

Well done, good Muse, that 's very good, if true ;

But I 'm suspicious she has overdone it ;

(Now, reader, tell me candidly, do n't you ?)

This introduction, bless me, how she 's spun it
For miles, nor ever brought our tale in view ;

You 'll think it time she had at least begun it.

The jade's been gossiping of late, and idle—

She 's like a nag when first it wears a bridle.

XI.

But to return: I think we said, somewhere,

She was a beauty—well, that 's very pretty ;

What next ? why, she had lovely auburn hair,

And was, at least, accounted very witty—

And this, you know, is something rather rare

Of late ; 't is true, there 's stuff abroad that 's gritty,

Base, and unprofitable as coin that 's

Counterfeit, and cast to “ moles and bats.”

XII.

There 's something, too, in wit that 's rather pleasing

If dealt in sparingly, and if always

Directed well ; but there 's a kind of teasing,

(Allow me, if you please, just once the phrase,)

Which I detest ; yet, after all, 't is easing
To minds thus overcharged, at times to raise
A laugh, e'en at their truest friends' expense,
Whose weapons they despise ;—what is good sense,

XIII.

Or what the depth of reason, to defend
Ourselves against such mighty foe withal ?
Unequal contest to be sure ; extend
A wit some pity, or you 'll kill us all ;
And yet beware, 't were humbling in the end,
Like Lucifer, to catch a sudden fall ;
Our guns turn tardily, but brought to bear
Your cob-web fabric vanishes in air.

XIV.

But, recollect, I would not for the world
Have you to think that Angela could do
A thing so rude ; rather would she have hurled
Her necklace, costly as it was and new,
Into the passing whirlwind to be whirled,
And tossed, and lost, and rent, and dirtied too ;
Than aught to cause her friends one pang advance ;
And modesty can every charm enhance.

XV.

Her dress was silk, of course, and very fine,
And new, and made in the first fashion then
Afloat ; 't was said, " her sleeves imply design,
Twelve yards of silk, she thinks, will please the
men ; "

But they were wrong ; perhaps there might be nine,
Or thereabouts, I 'm sure not more than ten
Contained in both the sleeves, including bows,
Puffs, pipes, carved-work, and taps, and furbelows.

XVI.

Now reader, think yourself in some vast wild,
And that a lovely spot had caught your eye,
Where lilies, roses and carnations piled
Profusely, yet arranged in order high,
Stood blushing fair, and that the sight beguiled
If not a tear, a something like a sigh ;
Then of her head-dress you 've a passing view,
And the effect produced was like it too.

XVII.

But foul misfortune, like foul wind and weather,
Must even scath Angela as it passed.
The bungling brute who stuck her boots together,
Had surely by moonlight the pattern cast,

Or totally forgot to stretch the leather ;

Or else he 'd formed them both upon one last.

'T was whispered round, " she has a crooked foot ;"

But 't was a lie, the fault was in the boot.

XVIII.

And things were said a great deal worse than this,

Disgusting, too, and very ill-befitting,

And running o'er with all unrighteousness ;

For envy, like a sullen bear, sat whetting

His horrid fangs, with most malignant hiss,

Much like a goose when o'er her brood she 's
sitting ;—

Or as a mastiff, hating much the sight

Of smother dogs, must show immediate fight.

XIX.

I 'm all aback, for naught that floats in air,

Nor quadruped, nor monster in the seas,

With base old envy may at all compare ;

So we 'll just take the d——, if you please,

Who laid for man such execrable snare,

And roused that curse, of which we quaff the lees :

The simile is quite deficient still,

For envy bangs the deil—aye, *bangs the deil*.

XX.

At sight of happiness, like him, it pines,
It languishes and sickens at the view ;
Then, as a serpent, round its prey entwines,
Bracing each nerve its victim to undo.
Yet traitor-like conceals its dark designs,
Under pretence of friendship firm and true.
Detested passion ; pitiful indeed
Are those who cherish thee. But to proceed,

XXI.

Angela wore upon her snowy hand
Three costly rings, composed of purest gold.
One set with garnets, showed much like a stand
Of full wine glasses in the times of old,
Ere yet was chased that beverage from our land
To warm the hearts of heathens, leaving cold
And cheerless ours ; what fools, what mere foot-pads
Our sires have been ; we 're *wiser* than our dads.

XXII.

Suppose, just now, that one of them returned
To take a secondary view of time
And things ; how he would stare when he had
learned
That drinking wine was counted now a crime,

And that the grape and wine-press too are spurned
As things unworthy of this *sphere sublime*.
Would he not ask, "and do they still use bread?"
Then gladly hide again among the dead.

XXIII.

We beg excuse for this and these digressions,
We'll catch the tale anon and persevere.
Those rings, of course, gave rise to some expressions
Which decency forbids my quoting here;
'T was whispered, too, (I blush for their transgressions,
That she had been, for better than a year,
In Massachusetts' gay metropolis;
That was enough; they piled and built on top of this.

XXIV.

"Aye, aye," said one, "that's just enough, and brings
The cat to view; indeed, I knew before
A farmer's daughter never wore such rings,
Unless"—but I'm ashamed to tell you more,
So you must even guess the other things;
And while employed, guess something like a score
Of little scandals, there was that at least,
Less could not have composed so rich a feast.

XXV.

But reason pours for us her floods of light ;
At once we see, and plead Angela's cause.
What fools they were ; perhaps some lady might
Have given them to her, merely because
She was so pretty ; surely she did right
Then to accept them ; but when envy gnaws,
Its votary 's like a horse that runs away,
Besieged by buzz flies, on a sultry day.

XXVI.

(Save in your presence,) or she might have found
Them scaled along the dusty street,
And plucked them up from the unworthy ground,
Assigning them a situation meet,
Upon her soft white hand ; perhaps, to wound
The pride of an offending heir, some sweet
Old lady, (softened by spleen's many drillings,)
Had given her the rings and twenty shillings.

XXVII.

Of this, however, her opposers dreamed not ;
They knew but little of the world, compared
To what Angela knew, besides they seemed fraught
With a new impulse ; modesty stood scared,

And whispering once that she esteemed not
A conduct so outrageous—disappeared.
Angela thought, at least we may suppose so,
That country belles were not exactly so-so.

XXVIII.

We now must bring this canto to a close,
As you 'll observe, the lines are getting brittle,
And leave Angela here among her foes,
(To say the least they hated her a little,)
But she, regardless of their gibes and joes,
The water left for those who boiled the kettle ;
We want another personage, however,
And our next canto shall be *monstrous* clever.

CANTO II.

I.

READER, you 've heard of vessels being wrecked,
In consequence of being overfreighted ;
Of carriages broke down, or badly cracked,
Merely because their strength was overrated ;
So I was wary, as you might expect,
Fearing I should be equally ill-fated,
And fall, or founder, or be cast away,
A sport to wreckers and an easy prey.

II.

Of all the pois'nous serpents that infest
This sunny earth, those wreckers I despise,
Abominably hate, abhor, detest ;
“ Wreckers are much like critics in disguise,”

An author says ; I think he is in jest,
Or on the line even I would criticise ;
He should have known, indeed 't is plain he knew
Old envious " Clooty's " self should have his due.

III.

We know, that in nine cases out of ten,
Critics are nasty, snivelling, envious things ;
But in this various scene of various men,
To fill the void up, from baboons to kings,
Was requisite ; old Nature wisely, then,
Merely to smooth a vacuum on the strings,
And to prevent what else had caused a jar,
Shoved in those minor notes, and filled the bar.

IV.

But, think not for one moment, gentle reader,
That we all critics here would comprehend.
No, when the Muse has strayed, some kindly leader
She will accept, and hail him as a friend ;
'T is those who nourish envy, coax and feed her,
Striving to hinder those who would ascend
Secure, where they lost footing ; *those* are they
Whom we would censure, but we must away.

V.

So, as I hinted when I first began,
Knowing my barque was rather rudderless,
And prone to leak, with but a single man
To hoist or shorten sail, prepare the mess,
And work the pump ; we thought to change our plan
Were best, for shipwrecks and the like distress.
In brief, we hate distress of any kind,
So half our destined freight we left behind.

VI.

Well, at this rare hymeneal gathering, then,
There was a youth just turned of twenty-one;
Who bore his part with matrons, maids and men,
To grace the festival and share the fun ;
His name was Albert—he was mild ; and when
He spake, a kind of pleasing echo ran
Along and edged the words ; which gift you know
Dame Nature does not lavishly bestow.

VII.

But she in many ways had been his friend ;
For instance : he was tall, and in his mien
Graceful as a young poplar ; he could bend
Obeisance that might almost charm a queen ;—

Music and dancing in him seemed to blend

Their charms, and shared the precedence between :
Dilapidated gaiety may stare—
Yet even these have influence with the fair.

VIII.

I've wondered often to observe old men,

Who, by the way, were once as fond of fun
As we, condemn all merriment ; aye, when

Their glowing glass of gaiety has run
Its hindmost sands—they wonder at us then,

Because their relish for such things is gone.
Yet, after all, we may not, dare not blame—
Wise as was Solomon, he did the same.

IX.

In point of intellect, he was perhaps

One small degree from mediocrity ;
Besides, he had some well selected scraps

From famous authors, and some poetry
By rote, or rather by the force of raps

Blended with coaxing ; for his memory
Was any thing you please, except tenacious :
How strange our teachers for such crime should
lash us.

X.

And yet they do it, often have I felt
The pang arising from forgetfulness,
'Till once aroused, I lent Syntax a *pelt*
Or two, yet he obtained complete redress.
I 've pitied those more timorous who kneeled
Imploringly, their sorrows to express,
To pacify that peevish pedagogue ;
Reader excuse, (scarce fit to teach a h—.)

XI.

Well, as I said, young Albert had at school
Learned many things, which to this pass had
brought him,
That he was deemed deserving of a stool,
And all the pretty maids around besought him
To share their nuptial feasts, 't was quite a rule ;
But something which his pious mother taught him
Deserves a word by way of explanation ;
'T was quite too monstrous for this generation.

XII.

Yes, monstrous, to suppress the fairest feeling,
(Perhaps the only one which came off clear
When mortal sweets were shipwreck'd) firmly steeling
His heart to love, she taught him to revere

Herself alone, nor ever dream of kneeling
At beauty's shrine ; 't was really too severe.
You 'll wonder what she meant, and what did she,
Unless to make her son a prodigy !

XIII.

She taught him to believe, and he believed it,
That naught was so deceptive as a woman's
Smile, strange though it be, as gospel he received it ;
She quoted Paul's Epistle to the Romans,
(But she was wrong, and afterwards retrieved it,)
Said she, the apostle proves that 't is to no
man's
Weal, credit, or advantage e'er to marry ;
Advising all, who would do well, to tarry.

XIV.

I 've often wondered what the apostle meant
By such advice, unless he wanted matter ;
And though his fund of argument were spent,
'T is strange to me how he thus dared to scatter
Doctrines so novel, so inconsistent ;
Such precepts now-a-days would raise a clatter.
To Paul we yield of course profound respect ;
Yet precepts such as this we will reject.

XV.

But I 'm inclined to think, that Paul was more
Abstemious than folk of his profession
In these degenerate times ; for at three-score
They marry maids, nor make the least concession.
Perhaps they think that precept was a *bore*.
But reader, do excuse this long digression ;
So, as I said, Albert was taught to smother
Love, e'en in embryo, by his zealous mother.

XVI.

And up to where we now have brought his story,
She had been most successful, though no doubt,
At times, from Nature's vast repository,
Flashes of light had almost put to rout
Her sagest admonitions ; yet the more he
Braced every nerve, determined like a stout
Unyielding vet'ran, when he bends his bow,
To lay some treacherous adversary low.

XVII.

No doubt the matron aimed at noble ends,
For she had witnessed, with extreme disgust,
To what dire lengths passion uncurbed extends :
We think, however, she o'erreached her trust ;

But we do not intend to tire our friends

With tedious declamations, so we must
Proceed with Albert to the aforesaid wedding,
Where all its charms a nuptial day was spreading.

XVIII.

The hour approached ; the bridegroom and his
train

Had been announced, as heaving into view ;
The clean-clad urchins scale the wall to strain
Their latest vision, for the scene was new ;
“Huzza ! how fast they scud along the plain,”

And Ranger’s big bow-wow said welcome too ;
While from her window, like a hiding rose,
The bride too stole a glimpse, we may suppose.

XIX.

But Albert in a back apartment sat,

Careless, and with a neighboring lass or two
Beguiled the waiting hour with various chat,

And when at length the welcome travellers drew
Up to the door, of course he seized his hat

And hurried out ; (we do not say he flew,
That would be rude.) He briskly stepped around
To hand the ladies softly to the ground. .

XX.

As looks the home-bound school-boy at a pear,
 Ripe ready, though forbade by high command,
 So looked young Albert when Angela fair
 Threw back her veil and tendered him her hand.
 Bless me, her step was like a thing of air,
 All elasticity ; or did the wand
 Of some unseen confusion-loving witch
 Touch Albert's eyes to that wild dazzling pitch ?

XXI.

Perhaps 't was so, we do n't pretend to say
 What charms they weave, but think there was
 another
Reason why Albert's vision went astray ;
 There is a charm which reason cannot smother,
 Nor all its powers of Logic chase away.
 No doubt poor Albert thought upon his mother,
 And wished he had not heard her sage advices,
 Since to obey must cost such *hideous* prices.

XXII.

There is a custom, (if of recent date,
 Or standing long, we shall not wait to say,)
 Wherein the parties each select a mate,
 Or kind of close companion for the day ;

And those thus chosen take it as a great
Affair, to be selected to the play.
Were the case ours, we two should hold the gloves ;
'T were surely not offensive to the loves.

XXIII.

But custom 's every thing ; likewise we see
The clerical community approves,
Nor be surprised, it looks like unity,
Such readiness to pull and hold the gloves ;
Besides it savors of another fee,
And clergymen are but a few removes
From other men respecting love of cash,
Although at times they must pronounce it *trash*.

XXIV.

Well, to this honorary office, Miss,
Or rather our fair heroine was chosen,
And Albert, too ; " O ! has it come to this ?
And yet my mother dreams my heart is frozen."
Then did he ponder o'er the pending kiss ;
Contracted custom, why not half a dozen ?
No, fate decreed but one, 't was due, he took it,
His heart beat high, 't was bliss, *we may not book it*.

XXV.

Albert's resolves now took a fearful slip,

Nor be surprised ; 't is oft the case with such
Resolves ; though time and place forbade to sip

The nectar then, yet even that passing touch,
The inebriating fragrance on that lip,

Thrilled to his inmost soul ; O, 't was too much ;
'T was sensibility's first gush of feeling ;
No wonder then his senses went a reeling.

XXVI.

We are aware there is a worthy class,

Upright and numerous as the forest trees,
Who think that love must grow up like the grass,

By slow and imperceptible degrees,
And if a youth but come to Albert's pass,

They call him lunatic, or what you please.
Such folks must pardon us, for we will tell them,
That many things are true which ne'er befel them.

XXVII.

Instance, we believe there oft has been a battle,

Although we never saw or wished to see one ;
We believe in bears, and all such climbing cattle,
What boots it though we never helped to tree one ;

Even little children, at the name of rattle,
Believe, and cry, " Papa, O do buy me one."
Well, just as sure as rattles, bears and cannon,
Love has one dizzying height to set a man on.

XXVIII.

Another class, far more than these astray,
Deny that there exists one soft emotion ;
Such folks are like, (I scarce know what to say,)
Like drift-wood wandering o'er the face of ocean
Unclaimed, unvalued, ever in the way ;
Of such depravity a perfect notion
We cannot give, so let them keep their station ;
Annoyances still mar this fair creation.

XXIX.

The noose well tied, passed round the cake and
cheese,
And such etceteras, which we scarce need men-
tion ;
We 'll say a word, however, if you please,
For really they do merit some attention ;
The wine is now discharged, *is gone*, yet these
As yet, thank heaven, have suffered no declension.
No, there they stand, the basis of reaction,
And form at least nine-tenths of the attraction.

XXX.

Perhaps some intellectual folks may say,
“That really is a swinish calculation ;”
But let some pair appoint the wedding-day,
Inserting on each card of invitation,
Refreshments *none*, but mirth and song and play ;
'T is more genteel, and ma's determination ;
The hour arrived, just let them call the roll,
And I 'm mistaken if they find one soul,

XXXI.

Except the priest ; in pity to the pair,
And guarding hymen's altar as he ought,
It is quite possible he might be there,
But must regard the whole affair as naught ;
Or as a cloud that mocks the sultry air,
And passes, leaving earth all parched with draught ;
Like gold-tinged apples. on the Dead-Sea shore,
Containing ashes, dust, and—nothing more.

XXXII.

But to return, we say the knot well tied,
And every comfort flowing with the wine ;
Annoyance none, excepting that the bride
Was second to our lovely heroine ;

The phrase is not exactly well applied,
But let it go, 't will finish out the line.
Lord Byron says, kings are not more imperious
Than rhymes ; and I believe his lordship serious.

XXXIII.

On went the dance, and Albert's bosom fluttered
With feelings it had never known before ;
E'en envy stood aghast, and almost uttered
Angela moves with grace upon the floor.
Well done the crooked foot, was barely muttered,
And even *that* just whispered at the door ;
And all went sweetly as a " marriage bell,"
Save Albert's inward man, bound by a spell.

XXXIV.

I can't believe that dancing is a crime,
Unless it be outrageously ill-done,
Or carried to excess ; there is a time
For every purpose underneath the sun,
Saith Solomon ; and his remarks are prime,
And shall be, when the puny race is run,
Of those who would new theories advance,
And latest generations learn to dance.

XXXV.

Yes, when our *mighty* race has dwindled down
To little more than Lilliputian size ;
When black, through dint of age, has turned to brown,
And suns retire to rest in eastern skies ;
When superstition, with his iron frown,
Is banished earth ;—e'en then our sons shall rise,
And shake their little feet, and thank the fates
For every blessing showered upon their pates.

XXXVI.

But should they then, with retrospective eyes,
Review what now obtains upon this ball,
Would stand disgusted at our giant size,
And at our lack of intellect, withal !
Nor wonder that the sun in eastern skies
Arose, but wonder much it rose at all,
To light the scene for such a *horde of asses*—
I'll stop ; the subject all my skill surpasses.

XXXVII.

But to return—for I must in this place
Relate an incident, which, if I could,
I gladly would evade : to say the grace,
A deacon, venerable, wise and good,

Was chosen ; so he lengthened down his face,
And closed his eyes,—just as a deacon should—
And leaning forward with a holy air,
A luckless candle seized upon his hair.

XXXVIII.

“ Phiz ! phiz ! ” it went—none daring to oppose
At such a time, th’ outrageous element ;
Until, at length, Angela softly rose,
And as a messenger whom fate had sent
To save his head, her handkerchief she throws
Around the flame, and smothered, out it went
And though the fact has stoutly been opposed,
His head remained uncovered ’till he closed.

XXXIX.

Because he made despatch ; for from the first
He believed that from the chamber came the roar
Of fire ; and what annoyed him most, and worst,
His seat was not contiguous to the door ;
And then, again, he wondered much what cursed,
Half-witted maid—when *crash*, came down the
floor,
As he supposed ; but ’t was the silken sheet ;
And with a bound he sprang upon his feet.

XL.

Two ladies fainted, but three laughed outright—

Such the variety of female mind :

One fires a Persian Palace, in the night,

Another trembles at the passing wind ;

One prowls the battle-field, in murderous plight,

Another loves, and feels for all her kind ;

And filled is every intermediate space,

With ladies, rank o'er rank, and face o'er face.

XLI.

I 'm growing sentimental, as you see,

And therefore bring this canto to a close :

The evening passed in undissembled glee,

'Till mirth itself grew tired, and sought repose,

Like some wild zephyr on an Indian sea ;

But long before that happy party rose,

Angela's *loving, lingering* glances told

What female tongues but rarely do *unfold*.

CANTO III.

I.

READER, there is a spot—a lonely spot,
Where all our sympathies must ever tend ;
So holy, too, that 't is not quite forgot,
E'en by the worldling—who would not befriend
The widow, who to soothe her hapless lot,
Would not at once the helping hand extend.
Ripe for the realm where conscience ever gnaws,
Is he who spurns the widow and her cause.

II.

But Time, who heals the wounds himself has made,
Mysteriously can soothe the widow's heart ;
And oft before its anguish is allayed,
Some deeply latent energy will start,

Quick as a leveret from its sylvan shade,
And almost magic influence impart :
Giving the mind an unforeseen direction,
And fixing some new object of affection.

III.

And precious hours are oftentimes misspent,
To train a lap-dog, or a favorite bird,
Forgetting that great solace Heaven has sent,
That gem of gems, the everlasting Word ;
At times, to raise some novel sentiment,
Which ever-varying nature never stirred—
At times, some glowing sentiment to smother,
Which was the dire resort of Albert's mother.

IV.

'T is not surprising that the widowed heart
Should cling with fondness to a friend or brother ;
Even inert matter, if one prop depart,
Invariably reposes on another ;
But this attempt to wrench off Cupid's dart,
And love, our only solace left, to smother ;
Was an attempted outrage upon nature,
Which she *will not* allow from living creature.

V.

Now pass we over several conversations
Which might disgust the ladies if recorded ;
Who might not brook her loud expostulations,
And would denounce the matron as a sordid
Unfeeling wretch, a shame to heathen nations ;
But Albert manfully opposed her, nor did
He yield the hope of gaining yet the prize ;
We give a spice or two of his replies.

VI.

“ But, mother, certainly you were in jest,
When you exacted from your only son
A promise so severe ; in your own breast
There lives a fond remembrance now of one,
Who loved you once, long since gone to his rest ;
You ’ve told me he was fairer than the sun ;—
I ’ve heard you name my father, while the tears
Gushed from their hidden source of many years.

VII.

“ And was that father guilty of a crime
In loving such an object as thou wast,
Ere yet the all-defacing hand of time,
Thy sunny ringlets and thy roses tossed

To other hands, when in his manly prime
He loved thee, wooed thee, chose thee from an
host ?

And is it strange this heart, most honored mother,
Should glow with kindred feelings for another ? ”

VIII.

Thus Albert reasoned, but alas in vain ;
The matron's pride was roused, and this the cause :
She had been rallied once, and once again,
At her attempts to frustrate nature's laws ;
And she contended still with might and main,
(For woman's pride is of that kind which gnaws
The very heart-strings if it be opposed,
And lives, forsooth, 'till life itself has closed.)

IX.

Week rolled on week, as they have ever done
Since Eden saw the first true-loving pair,
And shall forever while the circling sun
Shines on our little globe ; no matter where,
Or how, the impetuous tides of love may run,
Time still moves on majestically there.
Time and our globe are twins, were born together,
And jog along despising wind and weather.

X.

Each, rather paler than its predecessor,
Saw Albert grow ; his mother saw it too,
And much it grieved and really did oppress her,
She knew not what to think, or what to do ;
Her conscience checked her as a rank aggressor,
Pride whispering still obedience is your due ;
Her admonitions then she would rehearse ;
But we pass on in haste to the next verse.

XI.

I really believe post-offices and letters
Have more achieved to socialize our race,
Than ought since civilization broke the fetters
And hoisted man into his proper place.
We must at once confess ourselves their debtors,
When we with friends hold converse, face to face
As 't were, though heaving oceans intervene,
And rocks and misty mountains rise between.

XII.

I mean to say that Albert had received
A letter ; though I really must confess
'T was from a source (I think I shall be believed)
Whence letters often cause uneasiness ;—

A lawyer's letter. Many a soul has grieved,
In short, they seldom have the power to bless ;—
(Some learn this lesson after leaving school,)
But his was an exception to the rule.

XIII.

We say then, pointedly, he had received
Intelligence by letter of a kind
Which wounds to heal ; he laughed and then seemed
grieved ;
By turns half wild, then in his perfect mind ;
'T was bad and good, yet both might be believed ;
One part, like summer breeze to weary hind ;
And one, a rueful aspect taught to wear ;
But how or why could sorrow harbor there ?

XIV.

A gentleman, a lawyer too of high
Repute, informed the youth of the demise
Of an unknown old uncle ; and thereby
Six thousand dollars, (quite a pretty prize,)
Awaited him. As from a squally sky,
The sun at times peers forth to greet our eyes,
And chase the shadowy mists, so Albert's smiles,
His sighs, his tears and sorrows all beguiles.

XV.

That night young Albert slept not, but he dreamed,
And from his pillow various were the views,
Strange, fairy-like and magical they seemed ;
When o'er the sullen brain of the recluse
A retrospect of men and things has gleamed ;
Around his exiled heart no joy it strews ;
A draught of gall 't is to his lonely soul,
Each social feeling gone beyond control.

XVI.

Not so young Albert, for his manly breast,
Generous and social almost to a crime,
Enjoyed the vision, though it broke his rest ;
'T was like the summer to Siberian clime ;
And though his mother did appear depressed,
As dimly shadowed forth from time to time,
Yet over all Angela held the sway,
Bright, beautiful and blushing as the day.

XVII.

Proceed we onward to a serious hour—

'T was that of parting—though, upon the whole
The matron's grief far over his did tower ;
Her partner, when he *left*, (poor simple soul,)

Had placed his little all within her power ;
But here was something she could not control ;
And much she feared that Albert might forget
Her sweet advices in his path to set.

XVIII.

Yet part they must ; to be identified,
And seize the cash, was all he had to do—
“ But O ! that frightful sea,” she often cried,
“ Shall never toss and roll to sicken you.”
To soothe her fears of course young Albert tried ;—
A brighter prospect gleamed upon his view,
And part they must ; the day arrived—he sailed
For Boston, though his spirits nearly failed.

XIX.

'T was midnight, as they say, upon the sea,
Yet all was calm and lonely ; not a wave
Above the surface rose in sportive glee ;
The Ocean Spirit in his coral cave
Slept, to restore his wonted energy,
And all was still, and breathless as the grave ;—
Save that at times the breast of ocean rose,
As though a deep-drawn sigh broke its repose.

XX.

Wrapped in the dreams which only sea-birds know,

The bird of ocean lulled itself to rest ;

And as each undulation passed below,

Rose like a gem on breathing beauty's breast ;

Beneath the surface, sporting to and fro,

The sparkling shoals their happiness confessed—

Glistening like gems that beam from ladies' broaches,

Or lamps that guide our justly famed stage-coaches.

XXI.

On board that little bark, no voice except

The clicking of a time-piece, or the sound

Of rolling air, employed by those that slept.

Half smothered lamp-light spread the berths around

And o'er the cabin floor in silence crept ;

While o'er the crew a stillness as profound

Almost as chaos, ere old Time began,

And roused the *thunders* of the lordling man.

XXII.

And worse than all, the faithless watchman slumbered—

Nay, slept, and o'er the fettered wheel reclined ;

Upon his brain, visions of home were lumbered,

Confusedly heaped, and dim and undefined ;

Yet dreamed he not his days e'en then were num-
bered,

And home's last soothing dream his heart entwined.
Kind Heaven, in wisdom, and in mercy, too,
Veils the dark shafts of fate from mortal view.

XXIII.

Thus passed the hour ;—when lo ! a sudden stroke,
A deaf'ning crash, (awakening all the crew,)
Loud as the thunder-bolt that smites the oak,
And spreads its withered branches where it grew ;
Confused, and frightened, all on board awoke—
Bewildered, quite, nor knew they what to do.
Not forests, tempest-torn, could more affright
The lone lost traveller on the darkest night.

XXIV.

Loud rolled the screams from every waking dreamer,
Thrown on the cabin floor in dire dismay ;
We deal not in suspense—a home-bound steamer
Had crossed the little barque upon her way ;
Yet blame her not, nor for one moment deem her
A reckless demon hiding from the day ;
Her crew were noble, generous,—undismayed,
E'en at the direful havoc they had made.

XXV.

“Man, man the boats!” the gallant captain cried,
And promptly sprung they to the bending oar;
For now the wreck heeled to its larboard side,
And nine were hurried off to rise no more,
While others clung to ropes, and nobly tried
To save the sinking;—waves began to pour
Through the cleft side of that ill-fated barque;
’T was wild confusion doubled, for ’t was dark.

XXVI.

But soon the heaving boat the deck had won,
And these were rescued from a yawning grave;
The steamer rounded to, and cheered them on,
And female hands were stretched as if to save.
Nor paused those seamen ’till their work was done;
Rugged they were, and generous, and brave;
Nine rescued were, and Albert, scarcely so,
Borne to the deck, and safely lodged below.

XXVII.

For he was stunned—you would have thought he slept.
Languid and pale, his pulse frightfully slow—
For safety, to the rigging he had crept,
And when he saw, or rather heard below,

The heaving oars, into the boat he leaped ;
But as he sprung, a something caught his toe—
Forward he plunged, and lighting on his head,
Though breathing, lay unconscious as the dead.

XXVIII.

Hail Sympathy ! spirit of Heavenly birth,
Our solace here ;—again I bid thee hail !
Not ocean's rubies, nor the gems of earth,
Nor Indian odors on the evening gale—
Almost I said, nor the domestic hearth,
Most flowery spot found in this winding vale,
With thy delicious fragrance may compare ;
It smells to Heaven its source, and centres there.

XXIX.

And yet, there fell a tear on Albert's brow,
Richer by far than sympathy bestows—
'T was from that deep recess where love's first vow
Comes trembling, hoping, blushing as a rose,
If words *can* blush. (You must excuse it now ;
Sing, we could not, as every poet knows,
If once compelled our privilege to strike
O'er lilies, roses, beauty and the like.)

XXX.

But whence those tears ? and who around him flung
Those sighs, that soothed his brain, and calmed
the strife ?

(For love in all its loveliness o'erhung
His sinking soul, and charmed it back to life.)

Reader, it was Angela who had clung

With all the fondness of a wedded wife ;
Had hoped, had feared, and when with open eyes
He looked around, imagine his surprise.

XXXI.

At first he thought he slept, and only dreamed

As heretofore ; but why so sad her mien ?

Again relapsing, all around him seemed

To swim, and was but indistinctly seen ;

And then, when nature rallied, something gleamed

Around his brain, with shadows thick between.

Listening he lay ; at length those gentle sighs

The tumult stilled ; he opened both his eyes,

XXXII.

And steadily he gazed on that fair face,

Where love, hope, fear, blushes and beauty met

In combination ; neither time, nor place,

Nor medicine, nor music's self, nor yet

The wildest wizzard's charm so soon could chase
The gloom that hovered o'er his mind, and set
Arigh his wandering thoughts ;—'t was like the ray
That points to midnight mariners the way ;—

XXXIII.

Or like the rain that bids the grass to grow ;
Or like the sunbeam, waking flowers to deck
A pathway in the wildwood, and bestow
A wreath of flowers, each from a tiny speck.
No matter what 't was like, this much I know,
Next evening, Albert walked upon the deck,
(Not quite alone,) far happier than before,
And sung, " Again I view the sounding shore."

XXXIV.

Now pass we on ; I know you will agree ;
Ere now the sequel you anticipate.
Three passing weeks had brought the legacy ;
But Albert and his fair one lingered yet,
Pleased with the land of *loaves* and *liberty*.
Two early friends by accident he met,
And formed some new ones, aye, the cash can do it,
But, strange to say, he ne'er had cause to rue it.

XXXV.

Our heroine since her landing had enjoyed
A kinsman's home, in a suburban vale
Some miles from Boston ; nor had aught annoyed
Her peace of mind ; 't was genuine, 't was real.
Assiduously her time had been employed ;
For preparation on a lofty scale
Moved onward, and again a nuptial day
Came blooming, blushing as the queen of May.

XXXVI.

A buzz of preparation, and the voice
Of friendly females, aided to prepare
A sumptuous feast ; for really to rejoice
That valley seemed, since age and youth did share
Alike promiscuously the varied joys ;
Nor was aught wanting that was rich or rare ;
Melodious music murmured o'er the green,
And Cupid, passing, smiled upon the scene.

XXXVII.

Fond were the maiden's friends ; and at her side
Untiring friendship her sweet halo shed.
In all the trappings of a western bride,
They decked the fair Angela. She, when led

To Hymen's holy altar, was their pride ;
Their sparkling glances nerving influence spread
Upon the blushing stranger ; all was joy
Uncompromising and without alloy.

XXXVIII.

The honey-moon, (if such a moon is found,)
We leave alone, and haste to Albert's mother ;
Report had reached— one, hastening with the sound,
Apprised the dame ; then presently another,
O'ercharged with news and hoping to astound.

By dozens came they, ('t was enough to smother,)
She, like the eastern sage, refrained from words,
(The sage who lost his children and his herds.)

XXXIX.

Those sad bereavements burst upon his view
Singly ; each servant tarrying a little ;
While he astonished wist not what to do ;
(Nay, could not even swallow down his spittle.)
The matron would have been astounded too,
But that she disbelieved it *jot and tittle*.
When lo ! a letter glided o'er the water,
Which said, " prepare to meet your son and
daughter ! "

XL.

The dame was cured ; nor once thereafter sought

To turn the currents of the world aside ;

(*Dearlly 't is true the lesson had been bought.*)

Two chubby nurslings now are all her pride

And joy ; to her the pomp of wealth were naught

Without those pretty prattlers by her side ;

And what she strove against with all her powers,

Proves the rich solace of her evening hours.

LEGEND.

THE maid of the forest, the warrior's daughter,
Sat silent and sad on the banks of a stream.
To that lonely retreat a fond father had brought her
To rest 'till her tribe their lost rights should re-
deem.

The war-whoop had sounded, the arrows were
flying,
(How wild is the conflict when savages meet,)
And the eagle-eyed sire of the maiden lay dying,
His weapons and feathers all strewed at his feet.

But the maiden wept not, for she never had dreamed
That her father could fall by the hand of a foe ;
She had seen him stand firm when the winged
arrows gleamed,
She had seen his strong arm lay his opponent low.

And she deemed him a rock, where the torrent of
war

Might dash for a while and beat back to the main ;
And that he should return without ever a scar,
And conduct her in peace to her kindred again.

'T was that *sweetest* of times, when the summer sky
launches

Profusion of foliage to deck every bough,
And she sat in the shade of the wild waving branches,
Where lone Musquodoboit meandered below.

How changed is that spot ; not a vestige remains
Of those moss-covered branches that screened the
brown maid ;

Now the voice of blithe hay-makers gladden those
plains,
And echo responds from a far distant shade.

Of the green native vines, as they ran in the wild-
wood,

She wove a rude garland to deck the dark brow
Of her sire, when he came ;—while a song of her
childhood,

So warbling and wild, chased the bird from its
bough.

And evening came down in her shadowy form,
And the river went murmuring on to the main ;
Then first the lone maiden was filled with alarm,
For reason had whispered, thy father is slain.

But the darkness of midnight which shrouded her
form

Was light, when compared to her darkness of soul.
Her untutored spirit was wild as the storm
That rages in autumn, despising control.

The morning had seen her a fond forest child,
The evening, a fearful, a heart-stricken maid ;
At midnight, a maniac, raging and wild ;—
Musquodoboit's dark waters closed over her head.

Tradition still points to the spot where they found
her,

Beneath the blue wave rolling slowly along,
The rush and the river-grass folded around her ;—
Her fate is still chaunted in rude Indian song.

SONG.

I.

WHEN the rude, briny wave lifts its head to the skies,
And the mariner trembles, appalled, at the storm,
And the poor sleeping sea-boy awakes in surprise,
With a visage betokening the wildest alarm—
Then the husbandman safely reposes in peace ;
O'er his cottage, secure, the winds heedlessly
 roam ;—
He enjoys from his labor a pleasing release,
Encircled, the while, by the halo of home.

II.

When the warrior arrives on some far distant shore,
And hails a bright prospect of success afar ;
When he fights, sword in hand, over fields red with
 gore,
Or faints with fatigue 'mid the hard toils of war—

Then the husbandman cheerfully follows his plough,
Nor envies the vet'ran his costlier dome ;
Though his bread be obtained by the sweat of his
brow,
He 's encircled, the while, by the sweet charm of
home.

III.

When the statesman, pursuing his intricate path,
Labors hard to accomplish some fav'rite design ;
Or, perhaps disappointed, is foaming with wrath,
And would gladly his station and honors resign—
Then the farmer his harvest exultingly views ;
With a mind all at ease, he desires not to roam,
For Nature around him her charms ever strews,
Combined with the sweet soothing halo of home.

THE BREEZES OF SPRING.

Huzza for the breezes of Spring,
As they float from a far summer sky ;
So exciting the tidings they bring,
The May-flower has opened its eye.
Huzza for the breezes of Spring !

The fetters that fastened the rill,
And held it in bandages strong,
Are broken ; it bursts from the hill—
How sweetly it murmurs along.
Huzza, &c.

Like a spirit returning to light,
Its pilgrimage here at an end ;
So the bird has accomplished its flight,
Its sweet native wilds to attend.
Huzza, &c.

And echo repeats, as they sing,
From the scene of their wild lullaby,
Where first, upon tremulous wing,
They dared the blue vault of the sky.
Huzza, &c.

The wild-wood is vocal with glee,
The valleys are bathed in the sun ;
The grass, as it springs from the lee,
Rejoices that winter is done.
Huzza, &c.

And shall man, (while on every side
Joy and gladness their echoes prolong,)
Turn away from the full flowing tide,
Nor add his response to the song ?
Huzza, &c.

Above, and around him, is heard,
Nature's mellowing, varying strain—
The cascade, and the song of the bird,
While the lambs bleat aloud on the plain.
Huzza, &c.

And shall man, who should herald the choir,
 Suspect the great Author of day,
And fearful of Nature's great Sire,
 From the echoing hymn turn away ?
 Huzza, &c.

Superstition, ah ! why shouldst thou darken,
 Or prejudice fetter his soul ?
To that hymn nature *prompts* him to hearken—
 He would shout if not under control.
 Huzza, &c.

AUTUMN, I LOVE THEE.

I.

“AUTUMN, I love thee when thy winds are low,”
And thy sear leaf floats softly from its bough,
Again alighting on that earth
From whence it first derived its birth.

May I, when life has past,
Thus calmly fall at last ;
Resigned in death,
Thus yield my breath,
Without one lingering look o’er earth’s wild ocean
cast.

II.

When Sol, retiring on his southern car,
Leaves purer azure beaming from afar,
A softer charm seems spread around,
At once inspiring thought profound ;—
 A stroll is lovely then,
 Through field, or grove, or glen ;
 Our bosoms warm,
 Beneath the charm
Spread out by nature's God o'er this abode of men.

III.

Autumn, I love thee when thy winds are high,
And darkening mists involve thy azure sky ;
When clouds of leaves rush madly past,
Or hover in the eddyng blast.
 The cataract which poured
 At morn, and loudly roared,
 Like voice of war,
 Heard from afar,
Is hushed amid the din, nor does one sound afford.

IV.

When night at length lets fall its sable screen,
Gust following gust with scarce a pause between,
While the tempest-loving raven
Dares not wing his native heaven,
 But hastes away to hide
 Low in the mountain side ;
 To mark the scowl,
 Or list the howl
Of elemental strife, humbling old nature's pride.

V.

Autumn, I love thee when at such an hour,
Beneath a roof, unshaken by the power
Of storms, I sit and bask the while
In fond affection's thrilling smile.
 'T is this can yield delight,
 To cheer the stormiest night ;
 And round our head
 A halo spread,
Sweet as midsummer's morn just bursting on our
 sight.

VI.

Without this charm, an Eden would be found
A lonely spot of unavailing sound.
Likewise, a friend with eye of fire,
At such an hour I would desire ;
 Whose bosom, nobly warm,
 Could soar above the storm,
 And there enjoy,
 Without alloy,
Soft sunshine and repose where tempests ne'er de-
form.

VII.

Against the shutters, then, the storm may dash,
And trembling forests tumble with a crash ;
Our glowing tapers then shall join,
And books and music, too, combine ;
 Nor shall the storm appall,
 But purer thoughts recall,
 While round the hearth,
 In social mirth,
We stir the cheerful blaze, and list the torrent's fall.

VIII.

Above the lofty atmospheric bound,
Where soft serenity is ever found,
At such an hour, on buoyant wing,
Our thoughts shall rise to nature's King,
 Whose might each storm displays ;
 Whose power red light'nings blaze ;
 Whose mandate binds
 The rudest winds ;
And light'ning's fiercest flash implicitly obeys.

HYMN.

WHEN frowning clouds obscure the sky,
And light'nings flash from pole to pole,
And rending thunder rolls on high,
What then can calm my troubled soul ?
'T is Christ, alone, can make me whole.

When raging winds tempestuous beat,
And darkness lords without control,
All nature quivering to her seat,
What can compose my troubled soul ?
'T is Christ, alone, can make me whole.

When tossed on ocean's boist'rous wave,
Where mountains high the billows roll,
All hope escaped the barque to save,
What can compose my troubled soul ?
'T is Christ, alone, can make me whole.

When my best friend has just expired,
And his death-bell begins to toll,
And raging grief my brain has fired,
What then can calm my phrenzied soul ?
'T is Christ, alone, can make me whole.

When my last glass begins its race,
And none my sorrows can control,
And Death stands staring in my face—
What then can calm my anxious soul ?
'T is Christ, alone, can make me whole.

When my breast heaves its latest sigh,
And Jordan's floods around me roll,
And death has closed my languid eye—
Savior of men, receive my soul :
'T is thou, alone, canst make me whole.

Then will I, with seraphic fire,
In strains sublime thy name extol ;
While Time, and all Time's things expire,
And endless ages round me roll—
'T is thou, alone, canst make me whole.

RETURN.

THE chill damps of midnight around him were
falling,

And nature's dim outline peeped forth, then re-
tired ;

While the mist-shrouded hills, as he passed, seemed
recalling

The balmy repose wearied nature required ;

But affection's deep thrill in his bosom was swelling,

Waked to life every nerve and replenished each
vein,

When he thought on the brook, murmuring slow by
his dwelling,

And the nurslings who wept to embrace him
again.

For a moment his thoughts o'er his boyhood were
straying,

And time-faded joys seemed awakening there,
As he passed the green mound where he once had
been playing,

A gay, thoughtless school-boy, unfettered by care ;
We would tell, (but our pen at the task is rebelling,)
His delight when his cot burst again on his view ;
How he leaped o'er the brook, murmuring slow by
his dwelling,

While home's sacred charm spread around him
anew.

On that threshold, again, where his babes oft had
sought him,

Where his fondest dreams led since his journey
began,

There he paused,—to remember that power who had
brought him,

And nature's deep stillness approved of the plan :
Not a stir, save the leaf on the night-wind was telling,
As it stole through the poplar unnoticed before ;
While the voice of the brook, murmuring slow by
his dwelling,

Lent a charm to the scene as he knocked at the
door.

REMEMBER ME.

I.

WHEN Spring has returned, and the wild bird is
singing

To winter a requiem, shrilly and loud,
And joy's fairy spirit to nature is clinging,
Like a lover returned to perform what he vowed—
O, remember me, then, when you stroll by yon river,
And scent the wild blossoms that spangle the tree ;
Yes, I know that my loved one, as constant as ever,
Will even then cherish love's blossom for me.

II.

When the deep charm of Summer around thee is
glowing,

And lovely as Eden the landscape appears,
A full tide of fragrance on Nature bestowing,
Who exults as a youth in the prime of his years—

O, remember me, then, as you pass by yon wild-wood,
Or at morn, gaze on nature, with diadems set ;—
When at eve you contemplate those scenes of my
childhood—

Yes, I know that my loved one will never forget.

III.

When Sol, to his more Southern chambers retiring,
Calls the warbler away from its frost-stricken bough,
And Autumn a wreath of red leaves is requiring,
To hang with menace on his gathering brow—
O, remember me, then, as you walk in yon garden,
And pluck the ripe apple I fostered for thee ;
'T is not that I dream your fond bosom could harden,
For I know that my loved one is constant to me.

IV.

Though fortune and fame, with their lures all before
me,
Invite me awhile from my loved ones to roam,
How oft shall a vision of fancy, restore me
Again the sweet forms I so ardently love ;
I'll remember you, then, though the ocean be piling
Its broad swells between us, resplendent with foam,
For fancy, my loneliest moments beguiling,
Shall entrance me again, in the halo of home.

V.

Again shall that thrill of affection come o'er me,
As when to this bosom those loved ones were
pressed ;
For distance shall hie, as a phantom before me,
All home's sacred joys for the moment confessed.
I'll remember you, then, though some meadow I'm
strolling
Unknown, save the outline which fancy hath drawn.
Though the sun shining brightly, or thunder be rolling ;
Though I rove the wild upland, or pace the rich
lawn.

VI.

Though serenely the sweets of repose may be steal-
ing,
Or birds of bright plume chaunt melodious lays ;
Though around me the organ's deep notes may be
pealing,
To hail the sweet morning when saints meet to
praise.
I'll remember you, then, and invoke Heaven's pro-
tection,
Though strangers in masses around me beset ;
For memory shall waken a gush of affection,
'Till this heart ceases beating I shall not forget.

PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

AND must I bid a long farewell
To you, my friends, forever dear ?
How shall I check the sorrowing swell,
Or how suppress the starting tear ?

No more toward this sacred pile,
Your slowly, solemn steps I 'll trace,
No more I 'll catch your placid smile,
As I approach the hallowed place.

Could I but hope we all should meet
On Canaan's thrice delightful shore,
Then could I go with joyous feet,
Could wipe mine eyes and weep no more.

But ah ! I fear this cannot be,
For some this sacred word despise :
Oh ! sinners, from destruction flee,
Before the avenging arrow flies.

But you whose hearts are void of guile,
And joyous greet Immanuel's reign,
To you, I say farewell awhile,
'Mid brighter scenes we 'll meet again.

When memory to my mind recalls,
Or wakens some delightful hour
We 've spent within these hallowed walls,
Beneath religion's heavenly power,—

Then, though in foreign lands I roam,
And oceans' vast between us roll,
I 'll pray for this, my early home,
And calm the transports of my soul.

I 'll ask of Him who reigns above,
Whose presence fills earth's wide domain,
To bless and crown you with his love,
That we may joyous meet again.

When nature, wrapped in flame, expires,
And an assembled world appears ;
Secure amid surrounding fires,
We 'll wing our way to brighter spheres ;

And there commence our blissful songs,
To the great shepherd of the fold ;
While vast eternity prolongs
The echoing strains on harps of gold.

H Y M N .

How lovely to taste the sweet breath of the gale,
When summer, arrayed in its pride,
Bids us wander abroad, o'er the sweet scented vale,
Where the flowers sweetly bloom at our side.

The song of the bird, as it sits in the grove,
Delightfully falls on our ears ;
And nature seems glowing with charms from above
To enliven this valley of tears.

When we pause in our path, the bright scenes to
survey,
Then our thoughts should ascend to the skies,—
To nature's great author, the giver of day,
Whose goodness those blessings supplies.

He hears the gay bird when it calls for its food ;
He sustains every creature that lives ;
Then his children shall surely enjoy every good,
Since freely, for asking, he gives.

Then let us awake, while the bird's early note
Bids the morn from its slumbers arise ;
On the first balmy zephyr his praises shall float,
Nor linger 'till borne to the skies.

And angels shall listen, with joy on each brow,
To hear from 'midst earth's thousand cares,
Their sovereign's praises ascending on high,
And mingling in concert with theirs.

SUMMER EVENING.

I.

WE own a charm of heightened power,
When summer's eve steals o'er the plain,
And peace of mind, to soothe the hour,
Bids care resign its chafing rein.
A thousand charms combined, descend
And twine around th' enraptured soul ;
While stillness, too, the muse's friend,
Holds every passion in control.

II.

Like lover's sigh, the lingering breeze
Low whispering as it moves along ;
The birds retiring to the trees
To chaunt their latest evening song ;

The landscape, nearing to the view,
With deep inspiring garb arrayed ;
The clouds which shed a purple hue,
And add new beauties to the shade ;—

III.

All blending then, at such an hour,
Conspire to elevate the mind,
And lend to thought a nobler power
To leave low passions all behind ;
If haply o'er the dewy glade,
Like eve's last zephyr, soft and free,
Comes meditation, silent maid,
To sweeten all the harmony ;—

IV.

Then, as on eagle's airy wing,
Away to other scenes we haste,
Where beams an everlasting spring,
Secure from winter's weary waste ;
Where roses, in perpetual bloom,
Each morn their sacred leaves expand ;—
We almost catch the sweet perfume
As wafted o'er that happy land.

V.

So flits the bird, on gold-tipped wing,
O'er meadows beauteously arrayed;
Borne on the vernal breath of spring,
O'er flowery fields from shade to shade ;
At every flight new sweets arise,
And all the landscape lovelier grows ;
When lo ! she finds her native skies,
And there enjoys her own repose.

PSALM CXLVIII.

O, PRAISE the Lord, the Eternal King,
Ye angels hov'ring round His throne ;
While saints soft halleluiahs sing,
To make His boundless glories known.

Praise Him, thou orient soul of day,
On thee His power is full displayed ;
While moon and stars, with fainter ray,
Arise and praise Him in the shade.

Let Heaven, and all that Heaven contains,
In one grand anthem sound His praise ;
While men below, in humbler strains,
Extol His wisdom and His grace.

'T was from His all-creating word
That universal nature sprung ;
'T is still supported by the Lord—
Then be His praise forever sung.

Let snow, and hail, and rain, and fire,
And stormy winds their powers combine,
To chaunt a hymn to nature's Sire,
And swell a chorus so divine.

Let lofty mountains all rejoice,
And fruitful trees, and cedars high ;
While every beast exalts his voice,
And birds above the earth that fly.

Praise Him, ye rulers of the land,
Remember he is Lord of all :
Your power is wholly in His hand,
He speaks, and empires rise or fall.

Let young and old still bless the Lord,
Whose glory fills both earth and heaven ;
He ever keeps His holy word ;
To Him eternal praise be given.

HEBREWS, FIRST CHAPTER.

THAT God, who reared yon starry frame,—
(Earth bow while we pronounce His name,)—
God, who at sundry times, revealed
What else must have remained concealed,
By holy prophets, men inspired,
Whose hearts with zeal for God were fired—
In these last times has sent His son ;
A brighter era has begun.
Th' eternal God proclaims 't was He
Who formed the earth, and air, and sea ;
The Father's glory shines afar
From this conspicuous morning star,

Whose rays illumine man's dark abode,
And reconcile him to his God.
Though now, enthroned at God's right hand,
He fills with joy bright Canaan's land,
And pleads for man what He has done,
Though angels bow before His throne.
The brightest seraph sings His praise,
Responsive to the blissful lays—
With face concealed beneath his wings,
“Worthy the Lamb that died,” he sings.
Well pleased, the Father owns his Son ;
The gospel age is now begun ;
Shout, men below, and hosts above,
The wonders of redeeming love.
Thy throne, O God, shall last for aye—
Thy righteous sceptre thou shalt sway—
Thou lovest right, and hatest ill,
Therefore shall God exalt thee, still ;
With oil of gladness, too, annoint thee,
And the preëminence appoint thee.

'T was from Thy hand this wondrous earth—
Nay, Heaven itself—derived its birth ;
Though these are subject to decay,
And as a garment waste away ;
Though as a vest they changed be,
No lapse of years brings change to Thee.
When thousand years their course have run,
Thy reign will only have begun—
'T will be, when countless years roll in,
But just beginning to begin.
Thrice happy angels round Thee, still,
Rejoice to do Thy sov'reign will ;
To these the great command is given,
To guard the ransomed safe to Heaven.

HOW SWEET TO STROLL.

How sweet to stroll beside the harvest field,
When Luna's milder beams, o'er earth revealed,
Invite to wander o'er the teded grass,
And mark the dew-drops sparkling as we pass :
Pass we the silvery flood, then view the lake,
Delighted with the dancing moon-lit streak ;
Or gaze beneath, where trees depending grow,
“ And other skies seem answering from below.”
It seems a world where spirits might repose
Unmoved by storms, or sound of human woes ;
Rest undisturbed, beyond the ills of time,
Mingling their voices in one song sublime.

Back to the diamond-sparkling arch, that spreads
In thrilling grandeur o'er our puny heads ;
At Luna's coming, mark the stars grow dim,
And in her soft effulgence calmly swim ;
Almost our spirits seem to soar afar,
And view that world's vast wonders as they are.

SONG.

I.

STERN winter's icy breezes blow,
And curl the white wreath round the door ;
Earth sleeps beneath a garb of snow,
And song of birds is heard no more.
The ice-bound rill is heard to moan,
Or screaming, seems for aid to call ;
While darkness reascends his throne,
And sways his sceptre over all.

II.

Yet not the more does love retire,
When winter's icy breezes fly ;
But seated round the cheering fire,
'T is then he swells our bosoms high.

Nature beneath his grasp may mourn,
As he, loud bellowing o'er the plain,
Forbids the rivers to return
Back to their crested fields again.

III.

But never shall the tyrant hold
Dominion over hearts like ours:
In Cupid's legions we 're enrolled,
Nor fear his fast congealing powers.
No, by those chaste, but gleesome wiles,
And by those eyes which speak so plain,
And by those soft and melting smiles,
We will dissolve his icy chain.

IV.

The nymphs who dwell in softer climes
We know were never half so fair ;
No lilies waken other times,
Nor do such roses blossom there.
Then let old winter rave along,
And marshaled lead his fiercest storm,
We 'll disregard,—while mirth and song,
And beauty's smile our bosoms warm.

SONG.

I.

WHEN the soft voice of love
Like a charm first came o'er me,
How could I but approve,
With an Edmund before me ?
When he vowed that a smile
Would give peace to his bosom,
Could a heart void of guile
Such a favor refuse him ?

II.

Oft when eve spreads along
O'er the nightingale's numbers,
Or the lark's mellow song
Wakes the morn from its slumbers,

Then I dream 't is the voice
Of his lute, stealing o'er me ;
But, awaking, their noise
Like a shade flits before me.

III.

Then the soft serenade,
So delightfully charming,—
It was Edward who played,
Every scruple disarming :
They may laugh at my choice,
Or to shake it endeavor,—
Let me hear but his voice,
I 'll be tranquil as ever.

IV.

It was down in yon vale,
Where the lark hides its treasure,
That he breathed his love-tale,
Whilst I listened with pleasure ;
There he vowed o'er and o'er,—
Say what nymph could refuse him ?—
I 'll ask fate for no more
Than repose in his bosom.

SONG.

I.

WHEN Edmund stole Amelia's heart,
And in return bestowed his own,
Then Cupid, smiling, sheathed his dart,
And left the lovers all alone.
Then Edmund gazed in fond delight,
And breathed his vows all o'er again ;
Amelia's smile said all was right,
And flushed with joy the happy swain.

II.

Now, hand in hand they pace the mead,
While at each step new beauties spring ;
The lark, which hovered o'er his head,
Was never known so sweet to sing ;

Flowers, she had oft unheeded passed,
Now wore new beauties to her eye,
And earth appeared a theatre vast
Of undissembled harmony.

III.

The day was set;—I saw them stand
At Hymen's altar, blithe and gay ;
The blushing fair bestowed her hand,
And Edmund hailed the auspicious day ;
Convivial mirth and joyous song,
And the soft flute's melodious strains,
While the gay dance was led along
By beauteous nymphs and happy swains.

IV.

But you whose breast has never known
What 't is to love, to hope, to fear ;
Whose heart ne'er trembled on its throne,
But view the fair with look austere ;—
To you, I say, if aught on earth
Can spread a halo o'er mankind,
Pure as it was at nature's birth,—
That charm is love when well refined.

V.

When Adam, midst the blooming bowers
Of Eden, o'er creation reigned,
He viewed, alone, the opening flowers,
And of his loneliness complained :
But when the beauteous, blushing Eve
Adorned his sacred, sweet retreat,
His joy was full ;—no more he grieved,
But owned his happiness complete.

APOLOGY.

I.

'T is due to you, ladies, and I must confess it,
The pang of regret which my bosom must feel ;—
When you ask for a song, and so earnestly press it,
Lest you should consider my heart made of steel.
Were it not that my voice is indeed unendurable,
I had surely commenced ere insisting began ;
I have used every effort, but find it incurable—
Ladies, excuse me, I pray, if you can.

II.

Reflections like these, very often have driven
Me far down some valley, to wander alone ;
Where, musing on seasons like this, I have striven
To conjure my voice a more mellowing tone—

But alas ! 't was in vain ; e'en the birds seemed to
fear me,
And Echo, affrighted, retired to the hill ;
While I, (gazing round lest some mortal were near
me,)
Was humming, and starting, alternately still.

III.

I must own, with regret, that dame Nature refused me
Those musical tones you so richly possess ;
Though I may not repine, yet I think she ill-used me,
Since nothing intrinsic remains in redress.
It is said, love and music forever are blended,—
That one hides its head 'neath the other's soft wing ;
It is false as the meteor last evening suspended,
For I vow I can love—but alas ! I can 't sing.

SONG.

'MIDST the cares of this life,
And the ills which surround,
True content with the wealthy
Has seldom been found ;
E'en the proud have allowed
That she dwells with the poor ;
Who can, just unoppressed,
Keep the wolf from the door ?

They awake, in the morn,
From a sweeter repose
Than luxury e'er
On its vot'ry bestows ;

With a breast all at rest,
And a head never sore,
They 're away, that they may
Keep the wolf from the door.

Then let us not envy
The wealthy and gay ;
The time hastens on
When we all must away.
Even age is a stage
Whose poor play is soon o'er.
Soundly sleep, while you keep
Just the wolf from the door.

SONG.

As when two lovers meet by a murmuring stream,
Where a grove, decked in foliage of spring,
cheers the dale,
The hours pass unheeded, like moments they seem,
'Till the lark's evening note dies away on the gale.

So when friendship's pure glow flows from bosoms
refined,
Where the sweet goddess, Virtue, exerts all her
charms,
Then, though fortune should frown, they may still
be resigned,
And a haven of peace find in each others arms.

All their joys or their sorrows they safely impart,
While a pleasure or sympathy, real and sincere,
Brightly beams from their eyes, for it flows from the
heart ;—
Such a friendship as this we should ever revere.

SONG.

AH me ! my very heart is bleeding,
Torn from all it holds so dear ;
While pang on pang, my anguish feeding,
Must excuse the starting tear.

Ah ! cruel fate, how canst thou sever
Hearts, whom nature joins as one,
And gilds with joy ? say, wilt thou ever
Cause to rise a brighter sun ?

But hark ! hope, whispering, soothes his bosom ;
Fortune yet shall sweetly smile ;
Though now her favors she refuse him,
Henry's cares she will beguile.

For every freak which she has played him,
Some large favor shall repay ;
When even those scenes which most dismayed him,
Like frightful dreams have passed away.

CAN I FORGET.

I.

CAN I forget those joys, divinely prized,
Which memory, fond, so oft around me strews ?
Can other joys by me be realized
Of sweeter savor, or of richer hues ?
Can other groves ?—No, never shall this heart,
Where fond affection early learned to glow,
Confess thy rival, or the smallest part
So justly thine, on other shades bestow.

II.

CAN I forget those hours of bliss serene,
Ere care had learned to revel in this breast,—
When in earth's sweetest voice, with placid mien,
Maternal fondness lulled my soul to rest ?

When e'en the kite and butterfly had charms,
Transcending all that nature now bestows ;
No wild ambition, fraught with rude alarms,
Disturbed my morning mind of its repose.

III.

Can I forget those oft repeated tours
Along the margin of my native vale,
When balmy pleasure winged the sunny hours,
And bade my bosom all its sweets inhale ?
While nature, glowing in her richest dress,
Bedecked the blushing landscape with her smile ;
And beauties, language fails me to express,
Were hovering there, the season to beguile.

IV.

While Musquodoboit, with untiring roll,
Moves down the vale to kiss the distant main ;
Still shall new transports gleam upon my soul,
When I review those halcyon hours again.
While memory, with discriminating powers,
(For with our earliest moments ills are found,)
Shall leave the thorns and cull the honied flowers,
To cheer my path and soothe my loneliest round.

V.

Say, can the swain whose nobly generous breast
Breathes all the raptures purest love inspires,—
Can he forget those vows so oft expressed,
Nor hail the fair who fans those pleasing fires ?
He may ; but when those kindlings of my soul
Forget that home of friends I held so dear,—
Then let each passion from this bosom roll,
And, shut to thought, oblivion centre there.

'T IS PLEASING.

I.

'T is pleasing, when we find our early friend
Stands firm, although misfortune's shafts assail us ;
How confidently calm we can depend
On him ; and in return naught could avail us.
'T is pleasing, when soft April showers descend,
Or when exhilarating wines regale us.
'T is pleasing, when autumnal fruits appear,
And harvest smiles propitious o'er the year.

II.

'T is pleasing, to observe the opening flowers,
And taste their spicy odor on the gale ;
The emulous may blend their noblest powers,
Yet vainly they combine—their pencils fail.

'T is pleasing to recline, in sultry hours,
Where balmy zephyrs hide along the vale
In sylvan shades ; and if our friend be there,
How holy, then—the scene is doubly fair.

III.

'T is pleasing, to ambitious men, to dream
Of wealth and honors following in succession ;
Oft does anticipation catch a gleam
Of joy, more grateful than the full possession.
To quaff delights from Liberty's pure stream
Is pleasing, too, after some dire oppression.
The soul, expanding, revels in delight,
Unknown, while all our atmosphere was bright.

IV.

More pleasing, yet, than these, than all, to taste,
At evening fall, the sacred sweets of home ;
To see our loved ones crowd, with joyous haste,
Shouting, exultingly, " Huzza ! he 's come ! "
Our bosoms find no cold or dreary waste ;
Nor envy we the towering, princely dome,
To its possessor—dearer to each heart
That holy calm which home and love impart.

V.

Domestic love, fair relic of the skies !

Without thy cheering, renovating smile,
Earth had been left a chaos of surprise—

A rude, unmeaning mass of pain and toil.
But, blessed by thee, the dire confusion flies—
The desert blooms, and cherishes the spoil ;
Almost an Eden stoops again to earth,
And joy holds revel round the cottage hearth.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY,
FROM THE
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TO THE BEGINNING OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE LATE

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